

C N CALLING

It is better to be a child in a green field than a knight of many orders in a state ceremonial.

George Macdonald

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

25 YEARS
AGO
THIS WEEK

See middle pages

Thursday 2d

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ARE WE ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE?

Or is Life Possible on Other Worlds?

By making last week one of its nearest approaches to the Earth, a mere 36,000,000 miles, the planet Mars has reawakened the old dispute about the existence of life on it.

In our astronomical column the question has been carefully considered and illustrated, but it is doubtful whether the latest observations made by Dr V. M. Slipher, with the help of his big telescope at Bloemfontein, will supply an answer to satisfy all the astronomers. Dr Slipher was an assistant at Flagstaff Observatory of Professor Percival Lowell, who gave new life to the idea more than 30 years ago by his assertion that there were canals on Mars running in straight lines, and sometimes becoming doubled.

Next door to the C N office, in Sion College, we heard him addressing astronomers on the subject he had made his own, and can recall his actual words: "That the canals are straight is certain, a statement I make after seeing them, instead of before doing so, as is the case with the gifted objectors."

Professor Lowell's Belief

Professor Lowell's argument was that if the canals were straight they must have been made by intelligent beings. Further evidence of such purposeful skill was afforded by the fact that they became doubled at certain times of the year, and that other indications of their use and employment was that they led from the desert regions of Mars to and from what might be its oases.

In support he brought forward the changing size and appearance of the oases, and of the snowy Polar caps of Mars. Dr Slipher, who has been always a firm supporter of his old chief at Flagstaff, has positively asserted, from his recent observations at Bloemfontein, that the big oasis, the Solis Lacus, named the Great Eye of Mars from its striking appearance, has assumed a peculiar shape since the melting of the southern ice-cap. A similar change has not been noted since it appeared in 1897 on a Flagstaff observatory photograph.

Irrigation Channels?

Since Professor Lowell first upheld against all comers his belief that these strange markings showed an intelligent design of irrigating the planet there have been plenty to dispute it. One of the doubts was whether there was water on Mars. Dr Slipher declared that he had found evidence of water vapour, but it was rather slight: and it was urged that the Polar Caps were not ice and snow but frozen carbon dioxide, which we now call "dry ice."

Lowell retorted that he had found a dark fringe of liquid on the Polar Caps when they were melting and diminishing, and this could not be liquid carbon dioxide, because there is no such thing. Carbon dioxide turns straight from snow into vapour when heat changes its form.

Most other assaults on the purpose of the canals turned on their appearance, or on other obstacles to the possibility of life on a planet where there is so little oxygen that no human being could live there without a gas mask and an oxygen tank.

What the Telescope Reveals

That there should be so much uncertainty about the appearance of the canals need not surprise us, for Mars, seen through the best telescopes, is hardly bigger than the screw top of a fountain pen.

The first close observer of the canals, 62 years ago, was the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli. He had not so good a telescope as many who have sought them since, among whom were Antoniadi of Paris, and Maunder of Greenwich, who did not believe in them, and Professor Pickering, who was inclined to favour them.

Professor Pickering was the cartographer of the Harvard Observatory Atlas of the Moon. Most of his life he was observing the Moon, and he was convinced that some of his photographs showed changes on it. Some of these changes he attributed to the coming and going on the Moon of hoar frost, formed in the long lunar night, and melting in the Sun's rays.

A Hint from the Moon

From this he formed the supposition that there was vegetation on the Moon, which sprang into quick and abundant life when the Sun awoke it, and was as swiftly cut down when the Sun no longer blazed on it, and the Moon's surface became far colder than any winter region on the Earth. This was the life of vegetation, and if it could occur on the inhospitable Moon why should it not appear on Mars, which has an atmosphere of some sort, such as the Moon certainly has not?

There the question might be left both by those who believe in the meaning of the Mars canals and those who do not. The life of vegetation on Mars might be admitted, but it would not justify the belief that intelligent beings like ourselves could live there. Certainly they could not. They could not breathe like us, or walk like us. Yet there might be beings possessing intelligence whose bodies and senses were on an entirely different



A ROCK-POOL BY THE SEA

plan. If life existed on any of the Sun's family of planets it would have had to take an entirely different form to sustain itself under the furnace blaze on Mercury, or the nearly bottomless pit of cold on Neptune. Yet it is possible to imagine beings or living intelligences which could adapt themselves to surroundings impossible to us.

It is not so impossible as to believe that in all the millions of millions of

worlds which look down on our own tiny planet from the sky there is not one where life and consciousness exist and are at work. Are the earth-bound inhabitants of this world the only beings in the Universe? Is it not likely that the elements which are the common property of all the stars may have been linked in differing combinations to make beings as intelligent as ourselves, and with as great a destiny?

The Birds the Prime Minister Sees

MR CHAMBERLAIN was among those reporting last year to the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in royal parks.

He gave valuable information about a kestrel he had observed, and reported on the arrival and departure of different species of birds in St James's Park. He sees the first crow arrive about half an hour after sunrise; it is believed to come from Walthamstow. This species is now seen regularly in the park, two or three being now seen at all times of the day.

Other reports show that a pair of shelduck were frightened away from the park when the guns were fired

at the opening of Parliament, and never returned.

Greenwich Park claims a perfectly white blackbird, and a pure white sparrow was seen at One Tree Hill. In Hampton Court Park reed bunting are reported nesting for the first time.

Long-tailed tits rarely visit London, but they were seen in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens last October, and were near the Palace.

Jays and tree-creepers were seen in St James's Park, short-eared owls in Richmond Park, and great grey shrikes in Bushey Park. Cormorants failed to nest in St James's Park for the first time since 1931.

WHAT OF PEACE NOW?

It Will Come When We Want it Enough

Representatives of over 50 organisations met early last month at Friends House in London to discuss for three days the most urgent problem of our time, Peace.

Senor Madariaga, historian and statesman, gave one of the most stirring speeches. Peace, he said, concerned him closely as a Spaniard, for it will require the life of more than one generation to bring back real peace in Spain.

In spite of all our difficulties, he said, we live in a wonderful time. A long historical period has come to an end, and before us lies the task of creating something new and better. Man today faces conditions such as his forefathers never knew.

There are no more undiscovered continents, few unsettled areas, and the world has grown small. Thanks to discoveries and inventions, this globe may now be dealt with as a single unit. The Post Office deals with it that way. A letter travels across the earth for a few halfpence and we think little of it, yet to make that possible thousands of men in a dozen countries have worked in harmony, and millions of pounds have been invested in equipment.

The International Post Office

And the whole complicated network serves us well because there is a super-post-office, so to speak, at Berne in Switzerland, which all national postmasters obey.

Many other of mankind's activities also require a central brain for their direction, but at present they are managed by some 60 separate brains, or Governments.

Senor Madariaga, like many other delegates to this Congress, believes ardently in the federal union of democratic peoples, somewhat on the lines laid down by Mr Clarence Streit in his book on Union Now.

He proposes that the peoples (not the Governments) of certain countries shall create their own Union Government, with a central Parliament to control such matters as concern them all. All purely national questions will be dealt with by the National Governments as they are now.

England has led Europe politically for 300 years. Senor Madariaga looks to England to lead also in this necessary next step toward Federal Union.

All May Come In

To those who pooh-pooh the idea of a Federal Union as a dream we must reply that every great thing has always been considered visionary and fantastic at first.

We have lived through a great revolution in the past century. Distance has been abolished. London for all practical purposes is now nearer to New York than it was to York 200 years ago. With the separating distances gone our world has become so small that we must develop new methods of living together peacefully in it, if we would live at all. Union, these people agreed, is the way.

The Indian Princes and a United India

ALL who are looking forward to the day when India will become a compact and united State, a source of strength to the British Commonwealth of Nations and so to the whole world, are disappointed at the slow progress made toward that end.

The stumbling-block appears to be the attitude of the princes who rule the great and small States which are not part of British India, and have not yet come into the famous Act passed in 1935.

It is admitted, even by those who were most opposed to this Act, that the part affecting the British provinces, which began to operate two years ago, has proved amazingly successful, the representative Legislative Councils and the native Ministers ruling well.

But the unity of All India cannot be achieved until the whole of the Act is in operation and the Federal Parliament set up; and this cannot take place until the accession of rulers representing not less than half the combined population of all these States—rulers who will have the appointment of 104 of the 260 seats in the Federal Upper Chamber.

The British Government has now drawn up what is known as an

Instrument of Accession and sent it to the Indian princes for acceptance. At the time of writing the terms of this document have not been made public, but it has been publicly turned down by a majority of the princes meeting in their Chamber at Bombay. They declare that the terms are fundamentally unsatisfactory.

It is believed that the reason is that the princes fear they will have to surrender much of their autocratic powers in their own States under federation: yet their position is safeguarded under the Act, which in itself gives them a far greater share in the government of India as a whole than they have today. Indeed, with a Federal Government in which the princes will be well represented, British sovereignty over the princes and their peoples will practically be withdrawn, as it is being almost completely withdrawn from the internal affairs of the autonomous provinces.

Not only our own Government but British India will urge the princes to accede to a federation which is admittedly favourable to their special privileges. They will be far stronger and more influential within a Federated India than they are today.

Civilisation Comes to the Outback

There were loud cheers all over Australia's Northern Territory when a Percival Gull aeroplane took off from Alice Springs last month and headed for Wyndham, thus inaugurating Australia's farthest outback air service.

It seems incredible to think that, although the aeroplane covers 1000 miles between Alice Springs and Wyndham, there are fewer than 150 people living along the route. This is because, owing to the lack of transport, life is made unbearable as they have to live almost entirely on tinned foods. There are 14 stopping-places between the two towns, and to each of these the aeroplane will bring fresh food and vegetables once a fortnight.

The aeroplane will also run a flying-doctor service from Alice Springs, but what is still more important is the fact that it is going to survey this vast outback and see which parts of it could be developed for pastoral areas, cattle stations, and mines.

The Town Boy in the Country

This story comes from a cherry-picking camp in East Kent.

Two small boys, left to themselves while their parents were picking in the orchards, were seen to carry bucket after bucket of pond water to three old oil-drums which they had placed outside their hut. They explained that they had tadpoles and newts in the drums, invited the inquirer to look inside the hut, and proudly showed their collection of wild flowers.

Those boys came from the East End of London, and it was the first time the younger one had been in the country.

Bad News From Pitcairn

The 200 inhabitants of Pitcairn Island thought there was going to be another Flood not long ago, when twelve inches of rain fell in four hours.

The damage done by the tremendous deluge will take years to repair, for landslides swept hundreds of timber and orange trees down the hillsides.

The Nation Marches On

By the Prime Minister

Notwithstanding the great sacrifices made necessary by the expansion of our defence services, the financial and industrial stability of the country has been maintained and the purchasing power of the people protected.

There are more insured workers employed than in any period in the history of the country; wages rates have risen; social standards have advanced; and the many schemes for the benefit of working-class households have been improved and developed with each succeeding year. The fact that since 1931 working-class savings and holdings, in their numerous forms, have increased by no less a sum than £1000,000,000 is a remarkable proof of the prosperity of the nation.

Who Will Lend a Hand For China?

The Lord Mayor's Fund for the Relief of Distress in China is asking for help during the holidays with the sorting and packing of the clothes that have been given, and the making of bandages for the wounded.

If any readers of the C N could give up a day to help in this work, will they write to Mrs G. Osborn, 121 Westbourne Terrace, W2? Some 450,000 blankets and garments have already been sent, carried by the shipping companies free of all cost.

Better Relations With Japan

It is hoped that the position of British subjects in China will be improved by the recent agreement between the Japanese Foreign Minister and our Ambassador at Tokyo.

We have now agreed (as other nations have) to recognise the fact that the Japanese forces are in control of certain regions and that for their own security they must maintain public order. As Mr Chamberlain said, this does not imply that we have changed our policy in China and taken sides with Japan against the Chinese nation.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The battle-cruiser Derfflinger, recently raised from the bed of Scapa Flow, will be the last of the scuttled German High Seas Fleet to be salvaged.

In six years 120,000 bottles and tins left by picnickers have been removed from a bluebell wood near Denham.

Bolton Corporation are offering rent-free plots in an effort to find occupiers for the town's vacant allotments.

It is said that the area under tomatoes is 2000 acres, yielding 70,000 tons of fruit.

Whitby trawlers have been held up owing to the large number of jellyfish off the coast which entangle their nets.

The Bishop of Exeter is advocating the revival of what he calls the ancient and beautiful custom of ringing an angelus bell every evening in every parish.

There are now over a million members of the Y W C A in sixty countries.

There are 150,000 Germans in the Nazi Concentration camps.

There are now over four million licensed motorists in this country.

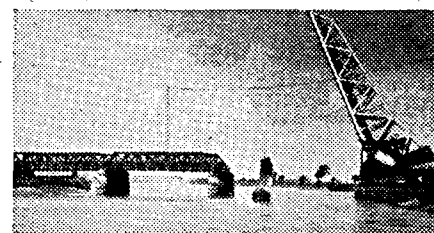
THINGS SEEN

A pigeon's nest with young ones on the books under Shakespeare's arm on the Leicester Square statue.

Six Flanders poppies blooming on a concrete bed by a tank used in the war.

Vancouver's 113-year-old apple tree promising a good crop.

Two children fishing with string lines in a street drain.



A swallow's nest on the Trent Bridge near Scunthorpe, seen above, which is raised 80 times a week.

THINGS SAID

I think there is gradually emerging a belief that war is not inevitable.

Miss Evangeline Booth

Music has taken on a deeper meaning in war-harried Europe as a means of mental escape.

Sir Adrian Boult

The Khyber Pass has become one of the most peaceful spots on the North-Western Frontier.

Captain C. J. A. Grove

In Europe the people are worn out, while in America even the middle-aged are young.

Mr Erich Maria Remarque

I wish to remind the world that we Chinese have been a peaceful nation for over 5000 years.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek

I often think how much easier the world would have been to manage if Hitler and Mussolini had chanced to have attended Oxford University.

Lord Halifax

THE BROADCASTER

THE Pilgrim Trust has in eight years contributed £39,000 for saving the countryside.

IMPERIAL CHEMICALS are to give more pay to 32,000 workers this year and next.

FRENCH mothers are to receive a State bonus of at least a pound a month.

MR JOSEPH RANK has given £60,000 to Hull Infirmary.

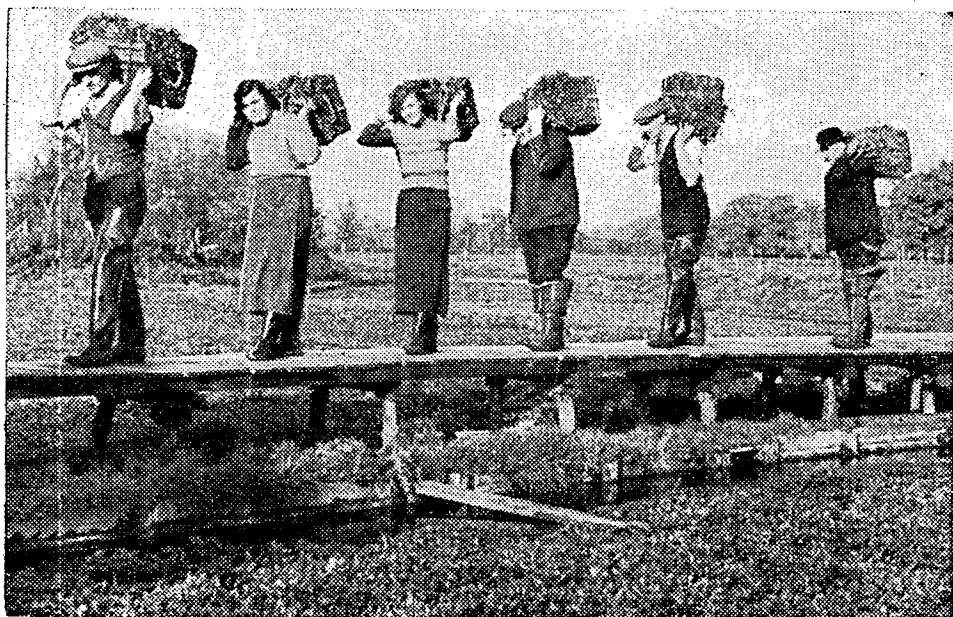
THERE are now over fifty factories round Manchester supplying music during working hours.

August 5, 1939

The Children's Newspaper

3

Watercress Harvest • Sussex Timber • Canadian Schoolboys



Watercress Harvest—Gatherers making their way across the wooden bridge which spans the watercress beds at Cassio Bridge, Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire



A Fine Team—A photographer passing through Robertsbridge in Sussex secured this picture of a team of five horses hauling timber from nearby plantations



In the Alps—Swiss peasants driving their goats to higher pastures



Photographers All—Some of the Canadian schoolboys who have been touring the Mother Country photographing incidents during a visit to Aldershot

LITTLE BARQUE IN SYDNEY HARBOUR

One More Dream Come True

In 1894 the English barque Lucknow sailed into Sydney Harbour as fast as she could, for she had a sick man on board.

He was Mr W. W. Roberts, a 21-year-old merchant seaman, who was immediately rushed to Sydney Hospital. There the trouble was found to be curvature of the spine, and doctors devised clever means of treating him. His pain was lessened for him by the loving kindness and care of the doctors and nurses. They could not do enough for him, and when he was much better and able to travel again one of the nurses arranged for him to be sent back to England for he was homeless and penniless. The hospital staff clubbed together and gave him books, pocket-money, and other comforts for the long voyage.

The young seaman grew strong and went back to sea, eventually becoming a master mariner; but throughout his life of adventure roving the Seven Seas he never forgot that he owed his health to the kind people at Sydney Hospital, and the other day he sent a token of his gratitude to the hospital. It was an English bank draft of £100. For 45 years, he explained in a letter, he had made it his ambition to save a little each week for his hospital fund, and now his dream had come true.

Rose Hartwick Has Gone

The author of *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* has just passed on in California.

She was Rose Hartwick, and she gave her verses to the world in 1882 as a little illustrated booklet. They were not good poetry, yet they went with such a swing, and told such a dramatic human story, that they quickly became one of the regular pieces of every English-speaking reciter.

Rose Hartwick was born at Mishawaka in Indiana in 1850, and wrote her first story in 1881. Other books of prose and verse followed, but the most famous has always been the *Curfew*.

The poem is based on a legend associated with the Surrey town of Chertsey, and its immediate source was a play which Albert Smith, a local doctor, had written, and which was produced in the Surrey Theatre in London eight years before Rose was born. The heroine of the legend was Rose Blanche, who saved the life of her lover by clinging to the clapper of the bell which was to sound the hour of his execution. The delay enabled a reprieve to arrive in time.

The dramatic incident actually occurred in the Wars of the Roses, a man named Neville having been captured by the Yorkists. Rose Hartwick, however, quite improperly changed the name of the heroine to Bessie and of the prisoner to Basil, and staged the incident in the Civil War with Cromwell as the granter of the pardon. The whole poem is a classic example of an unpardonable liberty taken with a great man's name.

How Fast Do the Birds Fly?

It has been discovered by an actual experiment that a swallow can fly at about 110 miles an hour, one having been taken from its nest, carried 79 miles in a direct line, and released, whereupon it flew back to the nest in 43 minutes.

The way of a bird in the air is one of the things which the wisdom of the ages has declared to be most wonderful, but little is known of it, and even the speed at which it flies is disputed.

It is certain that the bird which man has built, the Aeroplane, can beat it. A colonel who closely watched bird flight while aeroplane-flying in Palestine recorded that swifts would fly round and about the aeroplanes when these were travelling 68 miles an hour. Certainly the swift is the fastest of our visiting birds, as with such a name it ought to be. A man who has timed bird-flight in many parts of the world is inclined to believe that the Malay spine-tailed swift is the fastest of all birds; it is called spine-tailed because of the bare needle-like points of its tail feathers, which probably aid it in resisting the pressure of the air beneath its feathered planes when flying fast.

But such a speed as sixty or seventy miles an hour merely represents the ordinary pace of a fast-flying bird. It can greatly accelerate its flight when pressed, or when chasing another bird. Thus a hawk or a falcon, in its last dash after its quarry, nearly doubles its speed. A naturalist once saw a grouse, in a desperate attempt to outpace a falcon by dashing into a plantation a mile away, reach safety in 58 seconds, which works out at 62 miles an hour. Most authorities give the ordinary pace of a grouse as 35 miles an hour. The partridge is of about the same speed, but a partridge in a hurry rises to 53 miles an hour, and the pheasant and grouse to 60.

The Falcon and Its Prey

These figures are on the authority of a man who has trained falcons for a number of years, and has carefully measured the rate at which birds fly when being chased. He puts the golden plover first with 70 miles, and the teal with 68; and both these are faster than the peregrine falcon, which chases them and is content with 62. The kestrel is slower still with 43, which is about the pace of the starling.

But these are still ordinary rather than extraordinary bird-speeds. A traveller once measured from a ship the speeds of migrating birds which they passed on their journey. He found that the flocks of skylarks flew

at a rate of 25 miles an hour, and the starlings at 35 miles. That was their ordinary unhurried pace, the pace, we might almost say, of the slowest among them as they were flying in company, when they had a long journey to go. In a burst of speed they could leave that rate far behind.

When short and exceptional bursts of flight are considered the speeds jump up remarkably, though we must be very careful in accepting all the things said about these wonderful occurrences, because, by their nature, they cannot be very exactly timed even by competent observers. Mr F. W. Frohawk declares that the sea-traveller, the bar-tailed godwit, is the fastest bird known to these islands, and puts its highest range of flight at 120 miles an hour. But on one occasion he timed a teal that was in a desperate hurry and flew a mile in 23 seconds, about 150 miles an hour.

A Claim For the Swift

Even so Mr Frohawk thinks that the hobby-hawk can equal that if need be, or can actually surpass it. A well-known sportsman also votes for the teal. He timed the flight of some small groups of teal between two promontories that were a mile apart. The fastest flight took 20 seconds, the slowest 25, speeds which work out between 144 and 180 miles an hour. Another observer, timing swifts with stop-watches, ascribes to them speeds up to nearly 200 miles.

Most of these birds are familiar in England, as are the mallard duck, the merlin, the jackdaw, the heron, and the rook, all of which have claims to be regarded as air-speeders. But when the birds of other climes and countries are counted in, the task of saying which is the fastest becomes exceedingly hard. Australians claim the honour for their black-tailed parakeet. American writers say that their duck-hawk, with its long, narrow wings and arrowy body, can overtake with ease a teal that is flying two miles a minute. To this they add that there is one bird faster still, the white ger-falcon, which could give a duck-hawk a good start and quickly overhaul him. It can fly two and a half miles a minute, and keep it up.

Looking through our files we find that in the *Children's Encyclopedia* we gave this table of flight for 14 birds:

Lammergeier	110	Kestrel	.. 43
Swallow	.. 106	Partridge	.. 40
Lapwing	.. 80	Rook	.. 40
Duck	.. 59	Raven	.. 39
Goose	.. 55	Pigeon	.. 36
Stork	.. 48	Finch	.. 33
Sandgrouse	47	Pheasant	.. 33

The Vienna Boys

The warm-hearted scholars of Marriott Road Junior School at Leicester have given a concert and raised £2 for the C N Vienna Boys Fund; one of the Rabbits at the concert tells us that it was great fun, and we can quite believe it, for we have seen the picture of them. Another school at Rickmansworth (Beaumont House) has made a collection and raised 3s 11d, and two C N friends in Jamaica, Peter and Alan Lord, sent 8s. The C N total for the two Vienna boys now stands at £144 7s 9d, this including a gift of 1s from Hyde, Cheshire.

The Way to School

Jean Middleton of Gunnerfleet Farm, Ribbleshead, Yorkshire, has just celebrated eight years at school without missing a day. The C N does not usually record such events, but Jean's record is remarkable when the district in which she lives is considered. Living on a mountain three miles from the nearest school, her only way is across lonely moors that are bracing enough in summer but in winter are often so difficult to cross that her brothers have had to dig Jean's way to school through great piles of snow.

THE GREEN SPRAY

A Challenge From a Maori

Another link between the United Kingdom and New Zealand has been the appointment of Sir Harry Battenbee as the first High Commissioner in New Zealand.

For many years New Zealand has had a representative in London with the title of High Commissioner; last year the United Kingdom returned the compliment, and we are sure that much good will result.

When Sir Harry opened the Winter Show held at Hawera, in the Taranaki Province, he received a welcome from the Maori people such as is usually given only to royal visitors.

This is how Sir Harry was welcomed in the traditional Maori manner of receiving a distinguished chief. He was greeted as he entered the hall by a cry of welcome from two Maori women. Then the Challenger of the party of Maori men advanced, making appropriate gestures. Detaching a green spray from his waistband, he cast it on the floor before him, and Sir Harry picked up the spray, thus showing that he came as a friend.

The Challenger then retired to his band of warriors, who gave a special haka (ceremonial dance) of welcome.

Such a Maori welcome as this is rarely given in New Zealand, but the Maoris realise as well as the British settlers the importance of the office which Sir Harry occupies.

Of course, the official representative of the king in New Zealand is the Governor-General. The new office of High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in New Zealand provides a closer bond of union between the Government in London and the Government in Wellington. Only seventy years ago the district round Hawera, where Sir Harry was welcomed so hospitably by the Maoris, was the scene of fierce bush fighting between the British and the Maoris. Those old, unhappy, far-off times have given place to an era of peace between the people of the two races.

Bonny Brid Passes On

All who love the Lancashire dialect poetry of Samuel Laycock will be sorry to hear that Bonny Brid, the subject of one of his most famous poems, has passed on.

Bonny Brid was Mrs Hannah Schofield, and for some years she has lived in Torquay, where she has now died.

She was Samuel Laycock's daughter, and he wrote the poem about her in 1864, at the height of the cotton famine, when Laycock was unemployed and at his wits' end to know how to keep his family. Just before Hannah was born he sat down and wrote the famous poem which begins:

*Tha'rt welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toims are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe
(But that, of course, tha didn't know.
Did ta, lad?)*

A Fish From the Sky

A pelican went without his supper the other day. While a gardener was busy cutting a lawn at Windosor, New South Wales, a big fish fell on the grass at his feet. Looking up, he saw a pelican flying overhead!

BUS HIRE

As Sir Trenchard Fowle is about to vacate his post at Bushire our Government has had to appoint a new British consul there, and so Major C. G. Prior of the Indian Political Service is about to begin duty at the famous Persian port.

Bushire has before now been an occasion of stumbling in British official circles. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, the famous diarist, recorded that his kinsman Mr Evelyn Grant Duff had himself seen a communication to our Foreign Office in which a Treasury official objected to a charge for certain "services rendered at Bushire" on the ground that a charge for bus hire could not be allowed!

IN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S FOOTSTEPS

Ten scholarships are to be awarded over a period of five years for the Nursing Courses in London, arranged by the Florence Nightingale International Foundation, as a memorial to a great American nurse, Miss Clara Noyes. Five of the scholarships are for American nurses, and five for nurses of other lands.

The first foreign nurse to enjoy this opportunity to carry on advanced study abroad was from China; the one next year is from Iceland. She has worked in many of the remote islands off the coast of Iceland and is at present Ward Sister in the Icelandic State Hospital.

Is it perhaps because they face the ultimate realities of life and death so often that nurses seem to understand better than most men and women that mankind is one?

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS

During the last few weeks over a dozen warnings have had to be issued regarding the loss of dangerous drugs, in Blackpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, and parts of London.

THE SAFETY BUS

London is to have yet another type of bus.

Experience with London Transport's great fleet must reveal where improvements can be made, and the Board is not slow to put them into practice.

In general appearance the new bus is very much like others in London, although the radiator is lower and the driver sits farther forward, enabling him to have a better view of the road. The platform is bigger and there is more room for upper-deck passengers, while a double ceiling will keep the upper deck cool in summer and free from the effects of condensation in winter.

The new bus, however, is very safe and quiet in operation. It is oil-driven, and the brakes and gear-changing are operated by compressed air. Herein lies one of the great safety points, for unless there is sufficient air pressure in the brake system it is impossible for the driver to engage his gears and start.

CHANGES OF TIME

After being told so often that we have no coal-burning ships in our Navy, and knowing that submarines are electrically driven, many readers will have been puzzled by reading of one of the survivors of the ill-fated submarine *Thetis* as a stoker.

Actually there are no stokers in our Navy in the old sense of coal stokers; the modern stoker turns a tap instead of wielding a shovel.

A similar curiosity has come about with some of our cavalry regiments, which have been mechanised, for the men still wear spurs though they no longer ride horses.

TWO FIFTIES

Mr J. B. Render is about to retire after 50 years service as tenor and lay clerk in Lincoln Cathedral choir.

The Revd J. W. Talbot has just celebrated his 50th year as vicar of St Helen's Church, Barnby-on-the-Marsh, East Yorkshire. He is 83.

Girls on the Cricket Field

SIXTEEN girls are to go out to represent England on the cricket field in Australia in the autumn.

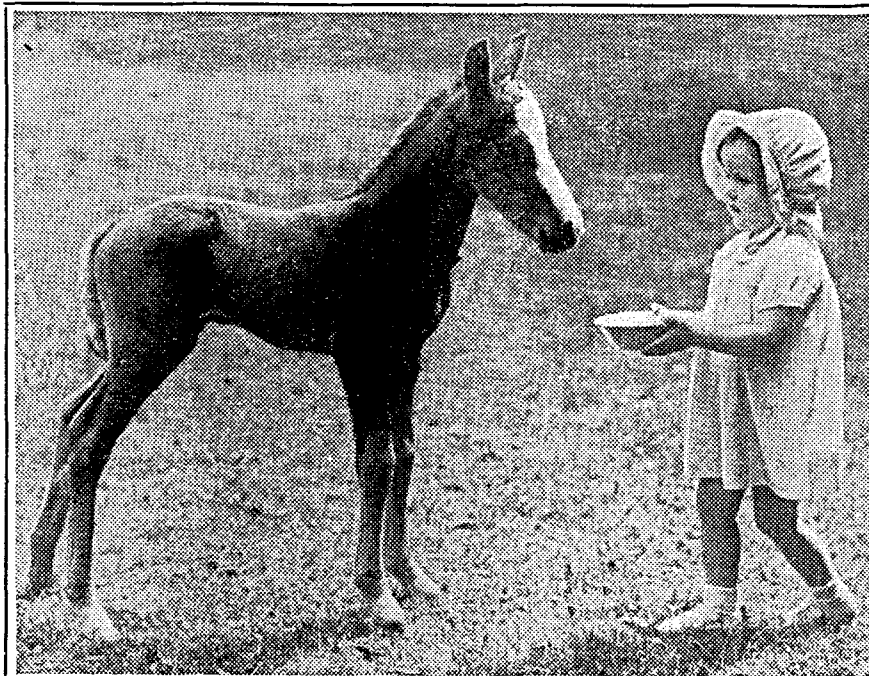
The players are real enthusiasts, for they have to pay their own passage money, although, once arrived, they become the guests of the Australian Women's Cricket Association.

Cricket for women is still regarded as a novelty in this country, yet we had two teams of lady cricketers touring England half a century ago. Very pretty they looked in their costumes of thin cream serge, and admirably some of them played, batting like schoolboys and bowling and fielding well.

It was a woman who inspired the greatest of all our cricketers. Near Bristol, at Downend, lived a family of cricketing doctors, and the keenest member of the group was the mother of the boys, of whom there were five. She

could bowl, and so could one of the daughters, and bowl they did for the batting boys. When the third son, a doctor, was brought into first-class cricket, the mother declared that she had a better cricketer in a younger son, whom she encouraged to play, with the result that at 16 William Gilbert Grace appeared for the Gentlemen against the Players, and so began that matchless career which his mother had foreseen for him.

About 50 years ago a young man was watching Miss Lucy Ridsdale of Rottingdean play magnificent cricket for her side, and he fell in love with her and married her, 31 years before he became Prime Minister. The happy two were Lord and Lady Baldwin, ardent as ever in their love of the game that brought them together, and (may we dare to add?) in their love of one another.



A FRIENDLY OFFERING TO A TWO-DAY-OLD FOAL ON A RAMSGATE FARM

The Prophecy Come True

As we have stated, it is 30 years since a Frenchman amazed the world by hopping out of France into England.

Louis Blériot, one of the most far-seeing of all pioneer airmen, declared then that it was only a beginning, and he has proved to be a true prophet. After his landing at Dover at the end of the first cross-Channel flight in history he declared that "far sooner than many people think my 21 miles Channel flight will be surpassed by flights of thousands of miles above oceans and by air voyages completely round the world."

With the inauguration of the regular transatlantic service of passenger airways within recent weeks Louis Blériot's dream has come true and his prophecy has been fulfilled.

The first air passenger to set out for a complete journey round the world was Mr Norman Lee, a business man, who left New York on June 20, travelled by the western route, flying by way of San Francisco, Honolulu, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Paris, and Marseilles, and returned home across the Atlantic in the Atlantic Clipper.

While Mr Lee was flying west an American lady, Mrs Clara Adams, set out to encircle the globe in an easterly direction. At Jodhpur in India the two flying travellers met, and, continuing her journey eastwards, Mrs Adams reached New York again less than 17 days after setting out, the fastest round-the-world journey yet made by a flying traveller making use only of commercial airlines.

A Faithful Servant of Uganda

FORTY-FOUR years Miss Furley, the missionary, has laboured in the vineyard of Uganda.

It is more than half a lifetime, more than half hers, for she is 84, and is coming home for the birthday of her sister, who is 90.

This is only the fourth time in nearly half a century that she has come back to England, we can hardly say come back home, for Uganda is the home of all she lives for, her life's work. She was one of the first white women to arrive in Uganda, in 1895, a year after it had become a British Protectorate, when there were no railways, no telegraphs, and next to no roads, and when the few

English people were like a speck of foam on the dark ocean of more than 3,000,000 people of Native tribes; Bantu and Baganda. The nearest port was Mombasa, and from it Miss Furley and six other Englishwomen walked the 800 miles to Kampala, where now the Uganda and Kenya railway ends. On the journey in that day, which now seems so remote, they suffered severe hardships, and were upheld only by their courage as they passed through the territory of unfriendly tribes.

In thorny and rocky ground they sowed the seed which now has borne good fruit, for in Uganda today a quarter of a million children go to school.

SURREY'S POMPEII

Surrey has a new sight. It is at Farley Heath, near Guildford, where Mr Anthony Lowther has laid bare the foundations of a small square Roman temple.

For a century the site has been known as the Surrey Pompeii, and thousands of Roman coins have been picked up from time to time, probably votive offerings at the shrine. The priest's sceptre, engraved with picture writing, is now on view in the British Museum, having lain in a cupboard there for 80 years, unknown and unlabelled.

The archaeologist's next task is to try to trace the Roman road that must have run from Farley Heath to the Thames.

SERIAL STORY—THE BULL AND THE BOY

From America comes this tale of the Negro who was a regular visitor to the local library, where it was noticed that he invariably borrowed the same book, taking it down from the shelf, opening it, laughing heartily, and then going home.

The curiosity of the librarian was aroused, and to find out what amused the Negro so much he walked up quietly behind him one day, noticing that he had opened the book at a page where there was a picture of a small boy being chased by a bull.

It was certainly a droll picture, but the librarian could not see any reason for all the excitement it provoked. He was about to ask the Negro for an explanation when the old fellow threw back his head and laughed loudly. "Golly," he exclaimed, "it ain't caught him yet!"

PENSIONS FOR ONE IN TEN

How many workers, apart from those in Government service, have the prospect of a pension coming to them when their working days are over?

Sir Edward Mountain says there are 7000 pensions schemes in force, covering about 1,700,000 persons, but this only covers about one in ten of our working people, for there are over 21,000,000 employed persons in the country.

Of the 1,700,000 workers covered by pensions schemes about half are clerks or other salaried persons, so that only some 800,000 manual workers are covered. Indeed, there are only 1700 pensions schemes for manual workers. Thus the great majority have no assured income when work is done until they are old enough to receive the small old age pension provided by the State.

A pension scheme can be set up for 3 per cent of wages if the employer adds another 3 per cent, and we hope that this fact will come to the attention of many employers and workers.

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT

We hear of a little comedy occurring at Burnham Beeches not long ago.

Patrol-Leader Saxby was in charge of the St Pancras Troop of Boy Scouts, who were having a hiking week-end. Coming upon a clearing, they decided to remain there for the night, but later moved into a watchman's hut.

On the stroke of midnight the Scouts were roused by a policeman, his lamp flashing across their faces. "A woman has just telephoned to say she thinks murder may have been committed in the neighbourhood," said the policeman. It seems that the woman heard someone call out "I've killed him."

"I'm the murderer you want," the patrol-leader said. "I committed the murder, and the victim was an earwig."

COMMON SENSE AT LAST

It is one of those small necessary things that we thought had surely been done long ago, yet it has only just been arranged, by the Standing International Committee on Seamen's Welfare, that all ships should carry a minimum list of medical supplies, so that when there is no doctor aboard wireless medical consultations in case of sickness or accident may have some chance of achieving success.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 5

1939

The Backward Child
May Be Clever

THERE is a great advance in educational ideas in these days. The more we learn of youth and age, the less we are inclined to be too-sure about the qualities that go to make good citizens.

The Board of Education has published an excellent treatise on the Education of Backward Children which states, on the authority of official school inspectors, that children who are educationally backward should not be regarded as a class apart.

There is no sharp line separating the dull from the normal, or the normal from the bright.

Tests of intelligence should be regarded with caution, for they do not take account of many fields of human activity in which genuine ability may be displayed. A child who responds poorly to verbal tests may not be equally backward in tests that depend on the power to handle concrete material. Similarly, the child may not be deficient in musical or artistic ability, in bodily grace or athletic prowess, or in the social qualities that enable individuals to live on good terms with their fellows.

History furnishes many examples of successful people who were not particularly good at school, and happiness is not by any means always associated with great intelligence. In life, as in cricket, good work may well be done by the fieldsman who is relegated to long-leg! The backward child may be clever enough in many ways. Let us encourage him.

God is Near

These words are on a bronze tablet at the door of a children's chapel at Boscombe.

ENTER this door
As if the floor
Within were gold,
And every wall
Of wealth untold;
As if a choir
In robes of fire
Were singing here.
No shout nor rush;
But hush!
For God is near.

Peace and Peace

In the sacred book of the Indians we read these words:

LET us all protect one another.
Let us all enjoy together,
Let us act valiantly together.
May spiritual knowledge ever
shine before us.
Let us never hate one another.
And let Peace and Peace reign
everywhere.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



The Best Friend of Peace

PERHAPS it is worth while to remember in these days the saying of an old Afghan about this country:

The patience of the British Raj is as long as a winter night, and his arm as long as a summer day.

Patience, we cannot too often remind ourselves, is the best friend of Peace.

The Window Cleaners

THE United States Army issues a book which gives advice to non-commissioned officers, and among its hints is one on making friends after a quarrel.

It is suggested that the best way to get rid of ill-feeling is for one of the men to wash the outside of a window while the other washes the inside. Looking at each other, the two are compelled to laugh, and the quarrel is forgotten.

Could we not have an international window on Europe and call on Herr Hitler to clean the other side?

Mussolini Then

Even Mussolini was once an enthusiastic young man who loved freedom. This is from a little book he wrote long ago about John Huss.

As I prepare this little volume for printing I cherish the hope that it may arouse in the minds of its readers a hatred of every form of spiritual and social tyranny.

The Loss and Gain of Invention

INVENTION is always assisting trade as a whole while inflicting loss on particular trades affected by new devices.

Thus it is with cotton, silk, and wool. It was good for trade as a whole when artificial silk took the popular fancy, but it hit the real silk trade, and later began seriously to interfere with the demand for raw cotton. So with artificial wool, yet in its infancy. The Australian wool producers already have cause to fear it, even while it adds a new trade to the world.

In Old Austria

This is from a letter from a Swedish lady who has been staying in the old Austria.

I HAVE lived a month with a friend heartbroken and without hope after what has happened, and there are lots and lots of them. They feel themselves betrayed; everything is different from their expectation.

I have met people in Germany passionately in opposition to the ruling party, though they must still wait and wait and suffer. What they feel so hard is this, as an Austrian told me—*they are not allowed and cannot afford to live a decent life in accordance with their conscience.* They dare not, or their wives and mothers and children would suffer.

Thank Goodness!

I'M glad that no one comes to say,
"Will you please tidy Hampstead Heath?"

The litter of Bank Holiday
Hides all the grass and soil beneath."
Instead they make this small request:
Don't add your litter to the rest.

I'M glad that I am not the man
Who leads a nation to its fate;
None looks to me to find a plan
Through all this maze of fear and hate.
Peace only makes this small request:
Don't add your hatred to the rest.

A King's Boast

WE have come upon an old story worth telling again.

The Tsar of Russia was once visiting the King of Denmark, and during a drive through the city of Copenhagen the king pointed out a high tower.

"Ah," exclaimed the Tsar, "I see the tower. It is high. Tell me, now, could you command one of your poorest subjects to climb the tower and jump off the top?"

"No," the king replied, "but I could go to the poorest peasant's hut and sleep there, a welcome guest."

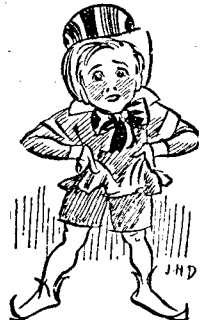
The Tsar remained silent.

JUST AN IDEA

Happiness is no easy matter; it is very hard to find it within ourselves, and impossible to find it anywhere else.

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If the Man of
the Hour is
taking his time

A COTTAGE has for a fortnight been advertising cooking apples for sale. They must be cooked.

SOME people can't see any point in climbing a mountain. They would if they got to the peak.

SUNSHINE is the cheapest medicine. And it is always coming down.

HADRIAN'S Wall was built when the Scots had a quarrel with the Romans. But they got over it.

A TENNIS star has become a crooner. Must make a hit somehow.

A MAN says he has been kite-flying for forty years. Keeps it up.

GERMANY declares that she is unable to buy coffee. Wants more grounds for complaint.

The Old Remedy
Never Fails

IT is never too late to tell a good story of a great man.

The great man in this story was Lord Grey of Falloden, who did his utmost to avert the war but lived to see its horrors. By his honesty and quiet dignity he exemplified all that is best in our national character, and the fortitude with which he bore the infirmity of approaching blindness, and his love of birds, made him a noble and romantic figure.

The outbreak of the Great War was a terrible blow to him; but we have been talking with someone who knew his housekeeper in those sad days. A Northumberland woman with a deep and simple faith, she often saw him arrive home at Falloden anxious and disturbed. Time after time he would talk to her, telling her something of his fears, but he would always conclude by saying, "Be good enough to see that the remedy is by my bedside tonight."

In the morning she would find him radiant again, the quiet smile about his thin, sensitive lips, the anxiety gone, tranquillity in its place. "It's worked again," he would say, smiling, "The Old Book never fails."

And there by his bed was the Bible.

The Prisoner

This is the holiday season, and one of our contributors here remembers all to whom August brings only an increased loneliness instead of the thrill of going away.

It makes me smile to hear them talk Of how they need a change;
I smile to see them hurry off,
They've so much to arrange.

There's Arthur, now, my grown-up son.
Who tells me he is sure
He couldn't live another year
Without a motor tour.

And Peggy, who is just sixteen,
Hates lessons more and more;
She says she needs a change because
Exams are such a bore.

My brother Alfred and his wife
Are both run down, I hear;
It seems their lives depend upon
A week on Brighton pier.

Dear Jim, the very best of men
(My husband, as you've guessed),
Will angle for a week or two:
He needs a change and rest.

I say I have to smile when all
These loved ones come to me
And tell me they must get away
From life's monotony.

For here, day after day, I lie
(The prisoner of ten years),
And when they talk of holidays
I smile—to hide my tears. H. L. G.

From a Wise German

You are forgotten when another has been found who is better than you. Therefore, if you would not be forgotten, endeavour to be the best.

Loyalty is of value to him to whom it is given, but far more valuable to him who gives it.

It is better to console others than oneself.

The sympathy of one human being may make all humanity bearable.

Tibet Finds Its Dalai Lama

THE HOLY CHILD GOES HOME

A FIVE-YEAR search for the Holy Child of Tibet has ended. He has been recognised and acknowledged Dalai Lama of Tibet.

This five-year-old child will inherit a spiritual sway reaching far beyond Lhasa, where his palace is built on a rock, far beyond the Roof of the World in the Himalayas. The Word he speaks will go throughout Asia. It will echo in the farthest recesses of Mongolia and China, it will cross mountain and desert to reach ears in India and Burma.

This reverence for a child who was a few weeks ago unknown is part of a centuries-old tradition of the Buddhist religion. A Dalai Lama does not die, he is translated to the Honourable Field, as the Tibetans say, and in the moment of his passing the spirit of a Heavenly Buddha enters into the earthly body of a newborn child. As soon as the funeral ceremonies at Lhasa of the old Dalai Lama were ended five years ago the search for this child began.

Several false heirs were found. The Regent of Tibet, himself a Lama of high degree and the nephew of the old Dalai Lama, had a vision of the child in the holy Lake of Kali, beholding him seated on a throne with the second personage of Tibet, the Tashi Lama, on a throne beside him. The monks of Tibet, the lesser lamas, searched far and wide, high and low, in village and in farmhouse, to identify him; but though many children of the right age were found none was chosen, till the Tashi Lama took a hand.

A Forceful Ruler

The Tashi Lama is, or was, the second personage in Tibet, not inferior in holiness to the Dalai, but lacking his authority in politics at home and abroad. The old Dalai Lama, 13th of the hierarchy, a very forceful and shrewd ruler, brooked no interference in anything concerning Tibet. For this or other reasons the Tashi Lama fled into China, where he was much honoured.

He did not return in the old Dalai Lama's lifetime, but about three years ago he was pressed to come back, and the Chinese sent him across the desert

with a caravan and a retinue of 300 armed men. This strange procession was long on the journey, and halted on the borders of Tibet, so that the Tashi never reached Lhasa, being uncertain of his reception.

But while he halted, and before he also followed the old Dalai Lama into the Honourable Field, he told how, at a yearly ceremony where Buddhists assemble, a woman approached him with a child in her arms. The child plucked at his beard, and by that token the Tashi recognised him. He looked, and knew that this infant was the true Dalai Lama to be.

From Cave to Palace

The word came to the Regent of Tibet, and the search for the Holy Child received a new impetus. It is not quite clear whether Lhasa accepted the Tashi's nominee of three years ago; but a child who fulfils the tests of holiness has been carefully watched since that time. He was found living in a tribesman's cave 500 miles from Lhasa, in the Kokonar Province. Learned Tibetan lamas hastened there, under the Regent's direction, and examined him for the mysterious signs in his appearance and demeanour which would identify him.

They were satisfied. At the temple of Tar he revealed true incarnation, a remote dignity and serenity. He has been escorted to Lhasa, there to be installed at Potala, the Dalai Lama's palace, as the Supreme Pontiff and Ruler of Tibet. Nominally he will be the 14th Dalai, though the one he succeeds was only the 5th. The explanation is that the missing Dalais never came to rule over Tibet. They died before they came of age, at 17.

The intervening years may be a perilous time for these heirs of the ages because, as we have said, Tibetan politics are strange. The virtual ruler now is the Regent, and his task is not an easy one. It may be made easier because he is the guardian of so much holiness in the child for whom he acts; but Tibet is changing with the changing times, and a new party of young Tibetans who would free themselves from the shackles of monastic rule is springing up.

All good wishes for a prosperous reign and a long life will go to this chosen child.

Sicily for the Small Man

MUSSOLINI'S 20,000 FARMS

GOOD works begin at home, and Italy will be glad to find its Duce returning to a homely task in Sicily.

Signor Mussolini has already shown Rome what he could do in making malarial marshland into wheatfields, and is now planning to make the fields of Sicily flourish. Sicily, in spite of her riches in sulphur mines, is one of Italy's neglected areas, though she is the largest, most fertile, and most populous island in the Mediterranean.

Mussolini is determined that its fertility shall not be wasted, and that the wasted lands shall grow corn and olives, and flow with milk and honey.

All this is possible because it has been. It has ceased to be because the landed proprietors have neither the will nor the means to adopt modern methods of cultivation, and have allowed the soil to become exhausted without any attempt to replenish it. This process of wasting has been aided by the poverty of the larger part of its population of nearly 4,000,000, who in a sunny land live from hand to mouth.

Bandits and Beggars Suppressed

Bad government and lawlessness did the rest. Mussolini's first intervention in Sicily was to clean up the secret organisation of the Mafia, for long a byword in Sicily, and to substitute firm authority. Those who knew Sicily before the war and visited it after Mussolini came can bear witness to the disappearance both of bandits and beggary. Travellers were enabled to visit its ancient Greek colonies and temples without risk of being robbed, and brigandage became a memory.

But Signor Mussolini has other aims than that of making Sicily a tourist's paradise. He aims at making it an agricultural province for the small farmer and the peasant. There are no country gentlemen in Sicily, nor any houses for them, but there are great estates which have run to seed. These the Duce intends to abolish. The landed proprietors who, for want of roads and water, have let their fields lie fallow must disappear; their 1,250,000 acres are to be parcelled out into 20,000 small holdings for Sicilian peasants. They are to be the new Sicilian colonists, and if the scheme goes according to plan they ought to make a success of it, for, though they appear so happy-go-lucky, they are industrious and thrifty, as people often are who have had to live on next to nothing.

Making the Land Fruitful

The evicted landowners are not to be despoiled. In the budget of the plan they are set down for subsidies amounting to £8,500,000, and they can, if they think fit, spend their subsidy on making their land fruitful. They will also benefit from the public works which are necessary to prosperity and will cost £4,500,000. The largest sum of £13,000,000 is to be spent on building farms, houses, and village centres. This part of the scheme resembles that being carried out in the far less promising surroundings of Libya.

The whole scheme will cost £26,000,000, and, old-fashioned in his ideas as the Sicilian may be, there is good reason for hoping that he will jump at the prospect of getting a better house and a better standard of living than any he has yet known. Sicily should be satisfied, Italy should be content, and the rest of the world may rejoice in seeing the Duce's boundless energy turned to making wheat grow where none grew before.

Ice On the Engine

OUR Guild of Air Pilots has passed a resolution calling on the Government for better methods of combating the formation of ice on their machines.

The airmen ask for protection against ice not only on the wings, propellers, and instruments, but on parts of the engine itself! It is pointed out that the loss of the seaplane Cavalier on the Bermuda route last January was chiefly due to the formation of ice on the carburettors.

To the amateur it might seem that if there is one part of an aeroplane that should be safe from cold it must be

the engine, but such a theory overlooks the extraordinary effect of evaporation.

When fluid turns to vapour, the act of evaporation extracts all heat from the fluid and leads to freezing amid a temperature infinitely above boiling-point. Petrol, in passing from the carburettor to the cylinders of the engine, breaks up and evaporates, with the result that thick frost may form on the induction pipe. One part of the engine is so hot that it would burn us intolerably, yet by holding a hand long enough to the freezing induction pipe we might suffer a truly Arctic frostbite.

The White Line Men

FROM time to time we have what seems a complete census of the trades and occupations followed by the people of our country, yet we cannot but think that one calling is too new and too difficult of description to have been included in any list. It is that host of men who do nothing but paint roads, an entirely new industry.

They travel the highways with a handcart with trestles on which they have a pole and a red flag, a can or two of paint, a machine, and some brushes. Their task is to paint on the roads the cautions "Dead Slow" or "Caution, Major Road Ahead," to keep the beacons fresh with paint, and to paint the white lines which caution motorists against trespassing on road spaces in such a way as to endanger themselves and others.

The work has brought a new paint into existence, which dries the moment it is applied. The men brush a spot sign and paint it; a thunderstorm interrupts them, but the moment it is over they brush off the water and paint away without delay, for not even a damp surface is proof against this new paint.

The words are hand-painted, but the white lines are done by machines. The irony of it is, however, that the machine will not work on a rough surface, which must all be hand-painted; and there is also the penalty that after each spell of work the mechanism must be taken to pieces and cleaned with methylated spirit; nothing else will touch this wonderful paint, which, useless for household work, does our roads for us in a twinkling.

Healthy Cows Mean Healthy Children

DAIRY farmers sometimes grumble about modern regulations aiming to bring up the standard of purity for the milk we drink. "There was none of this fuss and bother 50 years ago," they say, "and our grandfathers got on just as well."

But did they?

The State of Minnesota has proved how much can be done to prevent human suffering and misery by insisting on healthy dairy cattle and the cleanly handling of all their milk. Forty years ago seven out of every

ten children admitted to the hospitals of Minnesota suffered from crippling disease of the bones due largely to drinking milk from infected cows.

Now that the dairy herds have been so improved that there is only one tubercular cow in every 200, only one child in a hundred coming to the hospitals suffers from this type of illness. A farmer who eliminates unhealthy cattle from his herd probably calls it good farming. He is also entitled to call it Child Welfare Work, and National Service.

25 YEARS AGO—THE DARK HOUR OF EUROPE

It is a quarter of a century since the Great War burst upon the world like a thunderclap. It seemed like the dark hour of Europe before the Great Dawn. Some men thought it would be over in

three months. Lord Kitchener said it would last three years. No man imagined that it would lay the conqueror and the vanquished in the dust. Today Europe stands once again at the parting of

THE most terrible day in the history of the world has come. Europe is fighting for the right to be free.

It is almost incredible; like some hideous dream the appalling truth comes home to us, and now and then,

great people, with the men who throw bombs and poison wells. From the height of a dazzling throne he has flung a bomb which has set Europe ablaze.

The New Copy of Napoleon

The simple truth is that the German Emperor, the modern copy of Napoleon, has, without the slightest warning or provocation, wantonly attacked three innocent countries, and that the attack, if it were to succeed, would imperil the freedom and independence of Great Britain. For nearly a generation he has been building up a formidable navy, which could have had no other object than hostility to England; and more than once the Emperor has openly announced his hostility to England and his jealousy of the British leadership of the world. It was not enough that he should have the most highly-organised army in Europe, the mere mention of which he expected to create fear in the hearts of other nations; he set himself also to build up a powerful navy, second only to our own.

To our island nation a navy means life or death; we have only a small army, and should starve if our island were invaded. To Germany a navy can mean nothing of the kind, and the determination of the German Emperor to possess a great army and a great navy too has filled all Europe with grave anxiety. There has been no doubt that this joint force, unparalleled in the history of any nation and not called for by any necessity, was being raised in the centre of Europe to strike fear into the hearts of the free nations of France and England, and especially to break the power of Britain at sea.

The Great German Nation

The German people, against whom none of us has an unfriendly word to say, has been deceived. Germany is one of the greatest nations on the earth, welded together by the union of a number of States after the victorious war against France in 1870. It has grown strong and powerful and has become the most scientific nation in the world, and the people of Germany, the land from which the English came, have millions of warm-hearted admirers in our little islands. But Germany is not a democratic country; whereas our own King reigns as head of the State and acts through his Ministers, the German Emperor rules above the State, and is not subject to the will of Parliament. He has the ancient power of kings, and believes that kings reign by divine right, as Charles the First believed.

When Bismarck, by a jealous war against France, built up the group of small German States into a united nation, with the King of Prussia at their head, his idea was that Germany should be the strongest nation in Europe; and he made it so.

He did not mean that Germany should have an empire; he wanted her to be all-powerful in Europe, and he raised her to the dignity

and power which the Emperor William found ready-made for him when he succeeded to the throne. But the young Emperor was ambitious; he must have an empire like England's. It was not enough that he should be strong in Europe; he must dominate the world and have all things under his feet. That was the spirit in which the German Emperor came to the throne, the spirit in which he dismissed his great Chancellor Bismarck, perfected his great army, and built up his great navy. Many splendid things the German nation has done, and much we in England have learned from it; but the Emperor has been the War-Lord all the time, and has called upon God to defend his sword as if he were a Galahad.

The Hate of England

And so the German people have allowed themselves to believe that a great German Empire was arising which must be defended from some jealous foe, and that England was the enemy. It is a monstrous falsehood. Yet in time it came to be believed by millions, until German officers quite frankly raised their glasses and drank "To the Day," meaning the day when they should meet England as a foe; and books were written spreading hate of England; the Kaiser confessed his enmity in an interview a year or two ago; and the Crown Prince clapped his hands in public when speeches against England were made.

The editor of this paper has always been a friend of Germany; he refused to believe that these things were really true; he has looked upon the Emperor as a powerful friend of peace in Europe. But it is impossible to believe that now, for Germany herself has confessed that she is doing wrong to gain a selfish end, and the Emperor has ceased to love the truth. He has broken his word, and made a proposal to England which covers him with shame and justifies us in calling him a dishonourable man.

The Beginning of the War

The war began in dishonour and deceit. It has nothing to do with the murder of the Crown Prince of Austria—a foul crime plotted in Serbia which Austria could have easily avenged without disturbing Europe for an hour. But Austria took Germany into her confidence after that foul crime, and together they drew up a list of demands on Serbia which no self-respecting nation could accept; and more than this was done, for Austria mobilised an army strong enough to punish Serbia ten times over. It was as if six strong men should fight a boy. Serbia has not much self-respect, but that is no reason why a small nation should be crushed by a big bully, and Russia stood by Serbia, as she is bound to do in honour to the Slav race, which she protects for the sake of the great host of Slavs over whom she rules.

Nations do not submit to insults wilfully flung at them, and Russia stood by Serbia. She mobilised her army. That was the only possible

when the mind forgets it for a moment, the horrible reality comes back in a flash, and we realise that life will never be quite the same for us again. This lovely earth, this Europe which is everything to us, is stricken and bleeding, and there is hardly a happy home on this vast continent.

All through this golden summer the world had been at peace; four hundred million men and women and children had been going their way gladly, making things for one another, gathering in the harvests that were to build up our strength for another year, most of them contributing something to that pure joy of life which, after a thousand years of war, had become the common right of all mankind. As I write this, looking down on a beautiful valley in Kent, with no sound but the rippling of the wind through the trees and a child's voice across the corn, with the sunshine pouring down the sides of a hundred hills, it seems impossible that the truth can be true; and yet today the face of our fair earth is stained with blood and strewn with dead men's bones, and men who never hated one another in their lives are lying in wait to tear each other to pieces like wild beasts.

The Fall of a King

And all this has come upon our earth through one dishonoured man. One man who pretended to love peace was all the time preparing to break it. One man with God for ever on his tongue was all the time hardening his heart against both God and man. One man who made a vow and talked of honour was all the time cherishing a lie and breaking his word.

It is right that we should know what happens when kings deceive the world: it is right that all the world should understand that one man's pride of power has caused rivers of blood and years of hate in Europe. It is the German Emperor who has broken the peace of the world; it is our own King's friend and guest who has sought to destroy our nation's freedom. No man since the world began has committed such a sin as he, for this man has dragged free Europe in the dust and flung open the gates of barbarism that had been locked a hundred years. He must be reckoned, this ruler of a



1939 : HERR HITLER

THE WHEN MEN MARCHED TO THE BATTLEFIELDS

the ways, once more because the German people are deceived; and all over the earth the common peoples of the world are praying that this second crucifixion of mankind may be averted. We reprint

in this 25th anniversary week, in these days when war's alarms again disturb the world, the words we wrote in this paper as the shadow of the Great War crept over Europe on the 4th of August 1914.

effect of Austria's mobilising, and it was expected. Germany is Austria's ally, and these two nations, with Italy, form the Triple Alliance. Germany and Austria were, therefore, united against Russia; and it was expected that Italy would join them. But Italy remembers Garibaldi, and her people have not lost their love of freedom.

Why the Emperor Talked of Peace

The Triple Alliance exists for self-defence, and not for attack on peaceful nations, and Italy refused to help the German nations in an expedition which was more like housebreaking than ordinary war. Italy is free, and is still neutral when this is written, but if she must be drawn into the war she will not be on the bullying side.

Now there happened a disgraceful thing. The German Emperor, for many days, pretended to be on the side of peace, and sent letters and telegrams to the Tsar of Russia begging him, like a loving brother, not to plunge Europe into war. It was the hand of Esau and the voice of Jacob; the Emperor was deceiving Russia and all Europe in order that he might get a good start in the war he was really provoking. The German Emperor talked of peace until he was prepared for war, and then he aimed a vital blow at France.

France had done nothing, but the German Emperor hated her, and perhaps feared her a little for the splendid way in which she recovered from the shock of 1870, when Germany, after defeating her, took from her two provinces and £200,000,000.

It was a cruel and ungenerous ending of a war, as if a man should kick another when he is stricken down, and France has ever since mourned her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and yearned to have them back. But France was at peace, and had no thought of war when the Kaiser turned to rend her, and it is as certain as anything on earth can ever be that France would never have gone to war except in self-defence.

The sudden blow at France, like the flash of a dagger in the dark, was a challenge to the peace of Europe. It meant that Germany intended to cripple France and make her own position more powerful still. A soldier-ruled nation was to enrich herself at the expense of a free republic, our neighbour and friend. France is allied to Russia, and instantly ranged herself on Russia's side.

And now, what should England do? We were friendly with France, but were free to do the thing we would: to remain at peace and look on at the murder of France—which had been taken by surprise and was not ready—or to stand by free France and drive the German army back. That was the problem we had to decide, and while England was deciding the German Emperor did a thing which compelled England to act at once or lose her good name for ever. He offered a bribe to England to betray her friend.

This is how it came about. The frontier of France and Germany is not very long; the two countries touch for about 180 miles, and the French have guarded the frontier with strong fortifications. But there are two points not so strongly guarded, at which Germany might enter France—the point where France touches the little kingdom of Luxemburg, and the line dividing France and Belgium. The German Emperor, with his armed soldiers, broke into the quiet little Duchy of Luxemburg, and then asked the King of the Belgians to allow his army to pass through Belgium to attack France.

Now, England and France and Germany and other Powers had pledged themselves solemnly to protect Belgium against all attacks and not to invade her territory under any circumstances, and the King of the Belgians reminded the German Emperor of this sacred pledge. The German Emperor's reply was that he would go to war with Belgium if the King would not let him pass through to destroy France. It was the answer a brigand would have given. Belgium thereupon appealed to England to save her, in fulfilment of her solemn promise, and we should have broken our national word if we had refused. No great nation could refuse such an appeal without losing its sense of honour, and while England was preparing her answer to Belgium's appeal another proposal was made by the German Emperor, such as one highway robber might make to another.

It is too sordid to believe, and a member of the Government told the House of Lords that if one man had made the proposal to another in private life the man to whom it was made must surely have knocked the proposer down. The proposal was, in effect, that if England would betray France (who trusted her) and not object to Germany's attack on her, Germany would promise not to take any French territory in Europe, but would be satisfied with taking her colonial empire. That is to say, England was to break her solemn pledge to Belgium, to betray her friend France, and to let Germany steal the French colonies—for what? For a promise that Germany would not steal land in Europe, a promise by a man who was breaking his word, who had fallen so low as to make this infamous proposal.

England Goes Out Into the Shadow

It did not occur to the German Emperor, who was breaking so many solemn vows, that a promise by a promise-breaker is not worth a puff of wind. There is some sort of honour even among thieves, but it is hard to find honour when emperors go stealing.

There was, happily, at the head of our foreign affairs at this time a man who is respected throughout the world, Sir Edward Grey, and he had no misgiving in the face of this attempt to buy our national honour. He replied that England did not bargain in that way, and that if she did she would be disgraced for ever. He sent an

ultimatum, also, to Germany, demanding that she should keep her pledge in Belgium, giving her twenty-four hours to be true to her solemn word. The German Emperor, his honour sullied by an act of treachery in the eyes of all the world, was not jealous of his plighted word, and refused to keep his vow to the little nation which stood in the way of his outrageous schemes.

So it came about that at eleven o'clock on the night of August 4, 1914, England declared war with Germany, and went out into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But she will come back. She goes out with clean hands to uphold her own honour, the freedom of France, and the independence of Belgium. She goes out against an Emperor who has broken his word and attacked three peaceful countries for nothing but the love of power.

And she goes out because, if the German Emperor were to have his way, France would be broken, Belgium would be joined to Germany, the monstrous militarism of Germany would be brought right to the shores of the North Sea, within reach of our own coasts, and these islands would cease to be free. We should not be at peace for a single day, but should be threatened by the restless ambition of this overweening man, in whose sight a nation is nothing if it stands in his way.

There will be dark days for us, and dark years to come; and no man can say what the world will be like when these words are being read. The United Kingdom is united, and England goes out to her great sacrifice with a people sound and true at heart, with her soul unsullied before God, with her solemn word unbroken before man, with no cause to seek but the freedom of Europe, with no aim to serve but the right of nations to be free. Not once nor twice, but many times, in our fair island story, England, our England, has driven back the enemy of mankind, and the Right that is Might will not fail the world now.

Our Great Allies

We have great allies. Our friends are the spirit of freedom that has built up France, the unconquerable Belgian sons of the heroes Caesar found in Gaul, the love of truth that is set deep in the heart of our Island Home. We shall go down in the Shadow and our heroes will die for us, but we shall rise again with the rising of the sun, and we, and all the free peoples who are with us, shall pass through the fires and be justified, worthy before man and guiltless before God.



1914: THE GERMAN EMPEROR

Three Men in a Boat and What They Saw

Stories of sea-serpents, Loch Ness monsters, and other more or less fabulous creatures are usually current in our summer holidays; they are for the hours of idleness and are not of much account.

New Zealand, however, has been discussing the reputed appearance of a sea-serpent in June, the depth of its winter, and the man who saw the strange object is an old reader of the C.N. So convinced is he that he saw a hitherto unclassified denizen of the deep that he has written to us a detailed account of his experience.

Pelorus Jack

Our correspondent is an engineer, Mr H. C. Christian, who lives at Pelorus Sound, and frequently saw the famous Pelorus Jack guiding steamers into harbour. With two companions Mr Christian was sailing past Pepin Island, near Nelson, when he saw what appeared to be a floating tree, quite a common object thereabouts. As he was steering clear one of his companions declared, "It is alive; its head has moved round towards us."

Mr Christian then steered toward the object, but when the launch was about 40 feet off there was a splash, and it disappeared. Stopping the Diesel engine, the three voyagers carefully compared impressions of what they had seen. They agreed that the creature was eel-shaped, about ten feet long, and that both its head and tail were raised above the surface in a manner they had never before seen, though Mr Christian has been sailing in New Zealand's waters for 35 years. The head of this weird creature is described by him as dog-shaped, with hair or some bushy substance on the top, while the "flattened-off tail" was about six inches wide and roughly comb-shaped at the edges.

Mind and Memory

We have been able to find no living creature pictured in our natural history books which will answer this description, though we have seen in story books pictures of sea-serpents not unlike it. Mind and memory are strangely allied, and it is possible that the idea of a sea-serpent coming into the mind might recall some such picture, and make an even deeper mental impression than the object actually seen.

In any case our New Zealand correspondent declares that he has seen an object such as he has never seen before in real life, and, like the sensible man he is, he is giving as clear a description of his impression as he can in the interests of what is to him a scientific mystery. Sea-serpents did exist in prehistoric times, but no one as yet has captured or photographed a living one.

Boys Will Be Boys

Boys at Wolstanton Grammar School, Stoke-on-Trent, are helping the poor people of their district and themselves at the same time. They have taken a large piece of land near the school, where they plant vegetables and grow fruit to be distributed among the poor.

THE ALLIGATOR IS SLEEPING

Alligators are now hibernating in the mud of the Amazon rivers, where they have dug themselves in to pass away the dry season.

TRAVELLERS in that mighty Amazon river system which drains more than two and a half million square miles of South America may at present explore thousands of square miles, and look in vain for the most characteristic living product of the area, the alligator.

The reptiles are asleep in the mud, asleep beneath the raging heat of the Amazonian dry season, as deeply as a hedgehog or dormouse in a British winter. Crossed by the Equator, the Amazons know no winter, but they have their dry and wet seasons, and each causes a migration among the alligators. The wet seasons fill the rivers and flood the forests as if seas had marched inland. Then the alligators migrate to the interior pools and boggy forests.

A 20-Foot Cayman

The heat of tropical summer dries up even Amazon floods, not in the great main stream of the rivers but in the less constant. Then the reptiles descend to the rivers, dig themselves into the mud, and go to sleep while the dry season lasts. We must keep the word alligator in mind, for these are caymans, not crocodiles. But in habits crocodiles and alligators are identical; cunning, ferocious, timid in the face of resolution, swift as a torpedo in action, placid as a stranded log when gorged with food or waiting to pounce on unsuspecting prey.

The biggest species of cayman attains a length of twenty feet and more, and has titanic strength. Its food comprises fish, birds, various animals, including jaguars, dogs, cattle, and human beings.

Bates, the famous traveller, had several experiences with these creatures. Camped by a riverside in a hammock beneath an awning, with fires burning, he was awakened at

dead of night to find that a cayman had crept out of the water and was about to seize the camp poodle. Beaten off with firebrands, it retreated to the river, but next night it returned and entered the camp from the opposite direction, again to be baffled.

Once seized, a human being is powerless in such a grip, unless he can so master his faculties as to get his hands to the brute's head and thrust his thumbs into its eyes. That is a native trick and has saved many a life. Otherwise the victim, unless forthwith rent asunder, is held under water until drowned. The reptiles are uniquely furnished for such a task.

Their nostrils, opening on the summit of the snout, do not communicate, like our nostrils, with the throat, but open, behind the throat, into the wind-pipe. Hence they can keep the mouth at its widest stretch in the water with not a drop penetrating the lungs. With the nostrils just above the surface, they breathe under water while their victim drowns. The crocodile of the Old World acts in the same way.

Picture an African river, to which a rhinoceros had descended to drink. He waded in and reached a sandbank. Swift and silent a huge form rushed at him, seized him by a leg, and hauled. In vain the giant exerted all his power to free himself; each movement unbalanced him and enabled the crocodile to drag him deeper into the water.

In the Reptile Age

Little by little the giant reptile mastered the giant mammal. A starfish overcomes the resistance of an oyster's shells by the persistence of its pull, and the persistence of this crocodile's pull overcame the resistance of a beast weighing four tons or more; and down to death went the land animal, to be a series of banquets for the water reptile. Such contests must have been common in the great Reptile Age.

That could not happen at the moment in South America, even were

rhinoceroses present, for the caymans are asleep, mysteriously unconscious, deep in the mire. How deep? That depends, but deep enough to be camped on in ignorance by the camper. When an officer of the Survey Department in Ceylon felt the ground swaying beneath his bed in the middle of the night he thought an earthquake was in progress, yet it was only the stirring of a crocodile which had gone to sleep in the mud, now hardened, where his bed was placed.

But fright comes to alligators as well as to their prey. In one of their hurried migrations from the heat they marched by night through a town, in search of a water supply. In their terror mother alligators laid their eggs in the streets; some fell down wells and some were entangled, like snared rabbits, in the garden fences and were shot at dawn.

Man the Victim

Alligators and crocodiles are immensely ancient, the last relics of the terrible Reptile Epoch. They have played an important part in ridding river and lake of poisonous carrion, but have added Man to their long list of victims. They live long and go on growing indefinitely, up to thirty feet and more, and there seems little reason why they should ever die out. And so numerous are their eggs that they would be an overwhelming peril in the Tropics were conditions too favourable for their existence.

Reptiles, birds, and other creatures eat their eggs and young, and father crocodiles eat their offspring. To their credit, they help indirectly to keep down other ferocious creatures, as we may know from a closing example. A man crouched high up in a tree, fishing. A leopard stalked him and sprang. It missed him, carrying away his hat and falling into the river beyond. It was caught as it reached the water. A crocodile, lying in wait for the man, dined that night on man-eating leopard. See World Map

BRINGING THE WATER TO THE TAP

THERE is nothing more commonplace than the turning of the tap that brings water to a house, but people distributed over a considerable area in London are seeing just now what a marvel of engineering it involves.

An army of men is engaged on the task, which is to make a deep continuous excavation in which to bury great pipes through which water may be brought from a source far away.

There are pneumatic drills, reinforced by pickaxes, to break through the concrete surface and underlying masonry of the road. There are planks along the trench, and on these planks rails are laid, to enable a mechanical excavator to dig out the clay and haul it up a cartload at a time.

Thirteen feet down in the primeval clay is the depth to which they have to go, and every few yards or so a pipe is discovered which must not be fractured or disturbed. A wooden support is run across the top of the trench, and to this a rope or cable is slung to support the pipe in position.

When all is ready a little travelling crane takes its place on the rails and by means of an endless chain

carries the pipes into position. These pipes, 42 inches wide, are in sections of two lengths and weights: those 25 feet long weigh over three tons, those 30 feet long weigh over four.

In most cases before a section can be placed in a position in which it can be joined to another already laid there is almost certain to be a pipe running across the trench right in its course. So men stand on one end of the pipe and bear their weight upon its extremity and practically walk it under the pipe opposing its progress.

LORD HALIFAX & THE BUS STOP

It seems that Lord Halifax not only makes fine speeches but also does fine things. We have just heard of two.

One day when Lord Halifax was looking round his estate he happened to pass through the village of Bugthorpe, a mile or two from Garrowby Hall, his lovely home. It was a wet day, and he noticed several people sheltering in the church porch. Told that they were waiting for a bus, he gave orders that a shelter was to be erected at the bus stop.

Each joint has to be caulked with lead and then treated inside and out with bitumen, a task which demands that men should crawl inside and work like sailors in a submarine. When this part of the work is finished there is a great making-up with concrete and granite chips, then clay, and finally masonry and a concrete surfacing, so that the pipes that bring the water to our taps at home are snug below with ten feet of solid material above to guard them from the shocks of the heaviest traffic passing overhead.

The same thoughtfulness for others was shown in the second little thing we heard of. New tenants were moving into one of his farms, and he promised to call to see them. An unexpected development in the international situation brought him up to London before he was able to fulfil his promise. He had a thousand things to attend to at Westminster, but among them all he remembered his new tenants, finding time to write to them to apologise for not calling.

SEE YOUR OWN COUNTRY FIRST

Good Holiday Advice

This year there seems a prospect of the advice to See Your Own Country First receiving attention from the British public. They have no better country to see.

Some of the tourist agencies are advising it, not because of any fear that the Continent might be an uncomfortable place this summer, but because if they travel no farther than home they will keep their good English money there.

The reluctance to go farther and fare worse is already manifest in Italy, where the hotels are empty; in Germany, which is pathetically advertising its claims to attract tourists; and in Ireland, which is putting out similar advertisements lest the activities of the I.R.A. should stop the small trickle of visitors.

On the other hand, there are many foreigners who are coming to "see England now." Apart from those who are neither dressed up nor have anywhere else to go, there are others who are making of England the Grand Tour. There are Polish and Rumanian youths, and Spanish journalists, adding their numbers to the never-failing Americans and Netherlands; and if anyone had wanted to find a new Tower of Babel he would have had to go no farther than Wimbledon or Henley.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Gujarat	Goo-ja-raht
Kauri	Kah-oo-re
Serajevo	Ser-ah-yae-voe
Uri	Oo-re

The Mighty Strength of a Growing Shoot

MUCH astonishment has been caused in a Winnipeg timber yard by the discovery that a dandelion had grown through a plank of wood an inch thick.

Nobody has as yet worked out a scale of the force exerted by growing vegetation, but it must be enormous, not exercised in spasmodic efforts such as we employ in weight-lifting, but slowly, continuously, so that the effect is cumulative, like the unrelaxed pull of the starfish by which the exhausted oyster is at last compelled to open its shell.

Roots and the growths that spring from them are endowed with this persistent power so that they may drive slowly through the earth. Think of the travels of a tap-root, under or even through masonry, in order to reach water.

A mushroom has been known to lift a paving-stone, fungus to break up the asphalt playground of a West London school. The C.N. has told of the inner wall of a house being split and the roof lifted off by growth from the root of a poplar which, cut down before the house was built, was left with shoots still living in the foundations, and so went on growing and growing unseen inside the wall until finally it reached the daylight above the tiles.

Walls six feet high have been overthrown by the thrusting roots of trees, and a young larch, growing through a fissure in a rock, lifted up the stone, which was found to weigh over 3000 pounds.

No wonder builders fear to have great trees near houses.

Swiss Farmers For the Southern Switzerland

A NUMBER of Swiss farmers have settled in New Zealand and are inviting their relatives and friends to come to join them.

Eighteen young Swiss, three of them with wives, arrived in New Zealand by one liner a few weeks ago. They were accompanying a Swiss couple who settled in New Zealand 16 years ago and found it such a land of promise that they took a trip to their homeland to invite other Swiss to come to what may well be called the Switzerland of the South.

New Zealanders are proud of their mountains. The mountain range which forms a backbone for the long South

Island of New Zealand is called the Southern Alps, quite a good name, seeing that the highest peak, Mount Cook, is over 12,000 feet.

These 18 new settlers from Switzerland have been engaged by farmers in the Taranaki Province, which produces much of the cheese exported by New Zealand. Taranaki is the ancient Maori name for the snow-capped extinct volcano now known as Mount Egmont, which occupies the central portion of this province. Mount Egmont is 8260 feet in height, so that the settlers from Switzerland will have something to remind them of their homeland.

A GREAT DAY DRAWS NEAR

Raising the School Age

The date is coming near when the school-leaving age rises to 15.

In view of the great step to be taken on September 1, the L.C.C. has been considering what is to be done about the children who are allowed to leave at 14 for special reasons. It is recommended that they should attend classes two half-days each week, or one full day, or one half-day and two evenings.

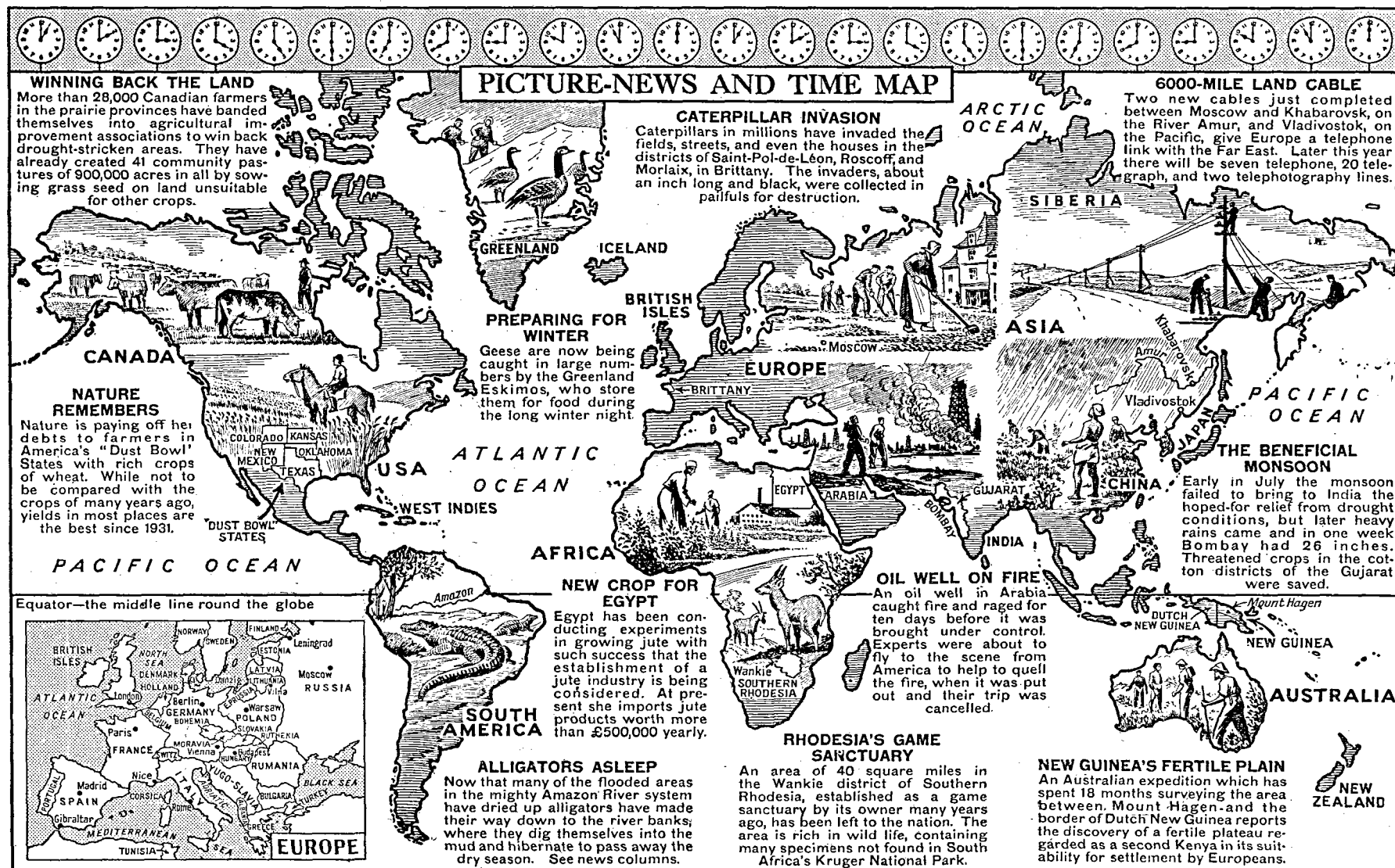
It was said that there would be fewer than 5000 children to be immediately absorbed, and that there would be room for them in the day continuation schools; or classes could even be formed for them in schools not fully occupied.

The Postmaster-General announces that he has decided in principle that he will not recruit boy messengers and girl probationers until they are 15. The maximum age limit of recruitment to each grade will be 15 and a half. The Post Office provides all its messengers with situations when they grow up, and recruiting takes account of that beneficent provision.

Putting It There

We print this story although so late, for it comes to us from one who heard it broadcast in Mexico when the King was in America.

The King and Queen had come out of their train to mingle with the crowd in one of Canada's prairie towns, and some farmer in a burst of uncontrollable enthusiasm held out his hand as the King was approaching and cried out, "Put it there, your Majesty," whereupon the King said, "Right you are," and shook hands with the delighted fellow, who will retain to the end of his days the memory of a wonderful king who genuinely loves his people.



MRS PARTINGTON'S DAUGHTERS

Holding Up the Airway

Mrs Partington must have died a century ago, a long time after her gallant endeavour to drive back the Atlantic with her mop. But she has her spiritual descendants on the other side of that ocean.

Two sisters, Little by name and little in stature, have risen, like giants enraged, to hold up an important link in the air services of the United States.

They own a house on the outskirts of the aerodrome at Tulsa in Oklahoma, and, resenting the interference of roaring engines that pass overhead and prevent them from sleeping, they have repelled the whole service, not with a mop, but with a couple of 50-foot poles.

These, set up over their house, are such a menace to night-flying airmen coming in from north and east that at the time of writing they have caused a stoppage of the night service, necessitating the disembarking of passengers at Oklahoma City, where they have to complete the last 150 miles of the journey to Tulsa by train.

Mrs Partington's pictures were sold in shops all over England; we can hardly think the American photographers will be less enterprising with the portraits of Maud and Ellen Little of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Thirty Camps on the Way

Camps in Peace and evacuation camps in War; this seems the camp policy of the Government.

It will be one good thing arriving from war alarms if it spreads the peace camp idea. The work is being done by a special body, the National Camps Corporation.

So far thirty good sites have been found, on suitable dry soil. Two have been given, the others purchased. The camps are being built of standardised units, all the buildings of Canadian cedar, with cedar shingle roofs.

Progress does not seem to be rapid. The contracts for making the woodwork have been let to four different firms. The construction of four camps has been started, one in Hampshire, one in Buckinghamshire, and two in Oxfordshire. The first camp, it is hoped, will be finished by the end of August.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of August 1914

A Panic Which Cost Millions. Another deadly blow has been struck at the Royal House of Austria by the murder of the heir to the throne and his wife. The crime was committed in the open street at the little town of Serajevo, in Bosnia, which, with Herzegovina, is one of the provinces Austria wrongfully seized a few years ago.

As a result of the tragedy a great wave of feeling against Serbia has swept over Austria, and there were loud clamours for war against that country. So serious did the situation become, and such a panic in the money market did it bring about, that in ten days a loss of £40,000,000 was caused on the Austrian Stock Exchange. Wars are deadly, not only in loss of life but in the injury they do by causing panics in business.

The Vanished Village By the Thames

DURING the course of his wanderings about England the Editor has often come across the ruins of villages and other centres of populations for whose disappearance there seemed no satisfactory accounting.

Often the verdict has been that the place was depopulated by the Black Death and never re-peopled, successors to the dead fearing the scene of the plague and making homes elsewhere in the neighbourhood.

An addition to the list of lost villages is the vanished Saxon village of Seacourt in Berkshire, seven miles from Abingdon. After the Conquest it became so famous a resort of pilgrims that 24 inns existed for their accommodation. Ruin descended on the village 500 years ago, and now, in order to probe for the lost secrets that lie hidden with it, it is necessary to excavate on the site, as if it were the place of a vanished Roman city.

The work has been carried on by Mr Bruce-Mitford, of the British Museum, and a company of enthusiastic volunteers, who have just closed down for the season and hope to resume their labours next year. The chief gains from their toil up to the present is the find of a good deal of pottery of the Middle Ages, of which we have extraordinarily little in our museums.

The secret of the fall and disappearance of this pilgrim village has not been disclosed, but we know what brought about the break-up

of more famous shrines. When it was the custom of our forefathers to go on pilgrimage to redeem a vow or to gain an answer to prayer the places most sought were the Holy Land, Rome, and such places as the shrine of St James at Compostella in Spain. For those who could not travel so far there were English shrines such as Canterbury, Walsingham, this one at Seacourt, and others, and some of these eventually gained such renown as the reputed scenes of miracles that great numbers of people came from Europe to visit them.

It was the shrine of the murdered Becket that gave Canterbury Cathedral its fame and riches. Until then the cathedral had played a minor part, with Winchester and London excelling it in importance, and with the great Abbey and Church of St Augustine in the same city out-topping it in might and influence.

The martyrdom of Becket altered all that, and the cathedral became one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in the world, on whose altars kings and princes left offerings that made the church almost fabulously rich.

Nearly all the old places of pilgrimage, once deemed destined to immortal veneration, went down in shame and ruin in those days, plundered, despoiled, and desecrated; but Seacourt perished too soon for that, and no man yet knows why.

A Tree on a Stamp

Trees are seldom depicted on stamps, and for this reason stamp collectors are looking forward to the issue later in the year of the New Zealand Centennial shilling stamp.

It will have on it a picture of the biggest of the giant kauri pine trees standing in the Waipoua forest reserve at the extreme north of New Zealand.

Kauri trees take a thousand years to grow up. It is estimated that the giant kauri shown on the stamp was an ancient tree 600 years ago, when the brown-skinned Maoris landed on the shores of New Zealand after their voyages from the tropical islands nearer the Equator.

This celebrated kauri tree has been given the name of Tane Mahutu, which means God of the Forest. It is



right that the tree should be chosen, for it is ten times as old as New Zealand itself.

A complete set of stamps is being issued for the centenary. They show many scenes in New Zealand's story, the penny issue giving pictures of Captain Cook and his ship Endeavour, with his chart of the islands.

Aerial Signposts

Since man has taken to travelling by air aerial signposts have made their appearance, and one of the most interesting of these is at Amsterdam Airport.

It is a queer-looking contrivance pointing the way by air and the mileage to almost every place of importance in Europe. The lettering on this gigantic signpost is so huge that it can easily be read by aviators flying at low altitudes.

Another signpost has been set up across the world at the terminal of the Empire flying-boats in Rose Bay, Sydney Harbour, and seems to bring London near to Australians, who read on it: London 13,129 miles, Singapore 4692, Darwin 2393, Townsville 1190, and Brisbane 482.

Aerial signposts belong to today and milestones to yesterday. How many of us remember, as we crane our necks to see an aeroplane flying over London, that opposite Cannon Street Station is the church of St Swithin, London Stone, which takes its name from the famous Saxon bishop and the ancient milestone embedded in its wall? Only a fragment of its old self, London Stone is believed to have been used by the Romans as a central stone from which mileage was measured along their roads. It was a great stone fixed in the ground when Jack Cade, leading the men of Kent through London, struck at it with his sword dramatically in token of the conquest of the city, an incident which lives in Shakespeare.

Kenya's Oldest Man

Long ago a young man in evening dress swam across the Thames. He did it to prove that he could do it, and because he had said he would do it. The young man has grown old since then, and has now died in South Africa. He was 87, and is remembered as Kenya's oldest settler. He was Charles William Lloyd Bulpett.

PALESTINE'S SACRED PLACES

The Mount of Olives

The rapid progress made by the enterprising Jews of Palestine has already raised an important question.

A new Jerusalem has appeared outside the ancient walls. The value of land has risen greatly. There is therefore difficulty in preserving open spaces of deep interest. There should be a town-planning scheme, but Jerusalem is short of funds for it.

It is suggested that the Mount of Olives should be guarded as a place of Christian pilgrimage, and a statement by the Colonial Office says:

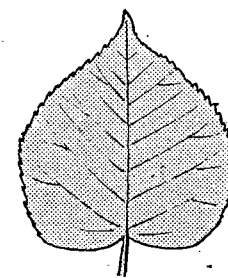
The great hope of the authorities in Jerusalem is that a Trust may be formed, similar to the National Trust in England, which will purchase this sacred place. Once inviolate, the Mount could be replanted with olive trees and remain a place of pilgrimage, of memories, and beauty always.

Surely Christians everywhere would gladly subscribe to buy the area.

The Leaves of the Trees

Look at a leaf, so marvellously made. It toils not, neither does it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The Lime. The Lime is the linden so popular on the Continent. It is a very hardy tree, especially the small-leaved kind, which also does not suffer from the sticky honeydew produced by the green fly. The lime has a special contribution for artists, producing the fine charcoal necessary for artist's crayons, and also being used for the sounding-boards of pianos. It used to be a very popular avenue tree, and many fine rows of it are to be found about the country. The bark is very strong and thready, and is made into bast, from which rough mats and commercial baskets are largely made. The tree is tall, and the leaves are a pleasant light green.



Most Men Are Alike

We have often directed attention to the success of Switzerland in harmonising the lives and interests of the people of four nationalities within her borders.

A correspondent of The Times gives us the original pact of 1291 between the peoples of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, which bound them "in view of the bad times, and for their better protection and defence, to stand by one another with counsel and with action, with life and with property, with united force and strength, against any and all who threaten oppression and injustice."

The treaty provided for arbitration in disputes and for satisfaction for damages done, and concludes, "with the help of God, our principles of union, drawn up for the good of all, shall last for ever." The Union has now lasted 650 years!

Nor need we go as far as Switzerland for examples of the sort. A Cornishman is by no means the same as a Yorkshireman, save at heart. And thus, too, with Germany and Italy; each is a composite nation, made up of different peoples.

In all this lies the hope that we must all entertain of European union. We must not allow ourselves to believe that any one nation has a double dose of original sin. At heart most men are alike.

C. B. FRY TO BOYS

Every Lad For His Side

What we have to do is to build up a better world by becoming, each one of us, some good, and the best good we can, not only for ourselves but for our fellow-men, our comrades and mates.

The two things always, always go together. It is a law of human nature that a man never does his best when he is thinking only of himself—all the best work is done when a man is thinking of others. Nobody ever lost anything worth having by being unselfish.

So, looking at it on the lowest grounds, we can even say it pays, but it is a point so important that we cannot afford to miss it, you and I. Perhaps I shall; you must not—you are important.

Thinking of Others

Now listen! When I used to play cricket I made a lot of runs, sometimes three thousand in a summer season. All the best innings I ever played I played when, owing to my side being in a hole, I could not help thinking entirely of my side and not at all of myself.

The truth is that, in cricket and other games, we ought always to be thinking of our side; but, you see, after all, we play our great English games for pleasure, and were there nothing in them for ourselves as well as for our side we should not play at all. Any other view is cant and humbug. There was plenty of humbug about our old county cricket, I fear.

Now, it comes to pass that in cricket sometimes the state of the game is such that one can honestly play entirely for one's own hand and yet not prejudice the chances of one's side. But—well, that is not when one does one's best.

Nearly all the innings of over 200 that I played were scored when I had to think of my side, and could not be selfish without losing self-respect. And it was the same with dozens of the centuries I made.

The Sailor and His Ship

Afterwards I was very struck by this, and I found other first-class cricketers had the same experience. I tell it you because it is, I think, a very striking example of our point. We cannot do our best while we are only out for our own individual interests.

We need the good stimulus of unselfishness, even if the unselfishness is, as it were, imposed on us from the outside. To look at higher things, a sailor will always do a better deed for his ship, a soldier for his regiment, than he could possibly do for himself.

It is a law of human nature. Men's best efforts are always those made, consciously or unconsciously, for others. Grasp that point and hold on. It will see you far.

C. B. F.

Good For Evil

William McKnight, of Thurnscoe in Yorkshire, appeared before the magistrates and was fined ten shillings for cycling dangerously, having collided with a police sergeant and knocked him down.

The police sergeant asked for permission to pay the cyclist's fine, and did so.

Perseid Meteors Arriving THE CURIOUS SIGNS ON MARS

A GOOD opportunity for observing the Perseid Meteors will occur toward the end of next week, writes the C.N. Astronomer.

The greatest display is expected then, though stray meteors may be seen earlier in the week. As soon as it is dark the meteors may be observed shooting across the sky from low in the north-east. From favourable situations as many as 60 an hour may be counted at the period of greatest display, but usually the average is much less. They are of great interest, as vanishing fragments of Tuttle's bright comet of 1862.

Mars remains the chief interest of the evening sky, and now, with the Moon out of the way, he will appear at his brightest. The most absorbing regions of Mars are those light greenish-grey areas which cover an area of Mars about equal to that of the British Empire, some 14 million square miles. Now, is this vast area inhabited or not? That is the outstanding question.

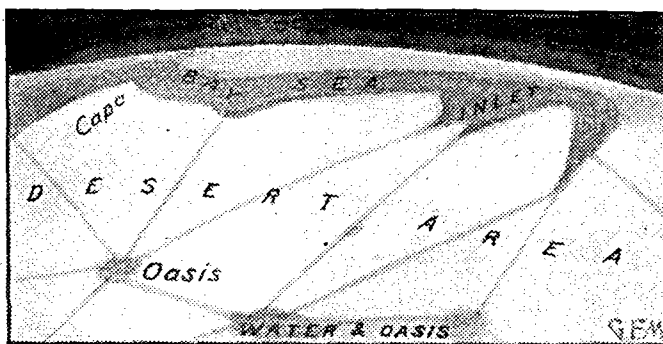
As stated in last week's C.N., the dark bluish-grey areas are undoubtedly permanent seas and change but little; but it is far otherwise with the lighter-shaded regions, which change from a greenish-grey tint in the Martian spring to a brownish shade in the Martian autumn. Yet the change is very unequal and patchy, bringing out strongly some areas and not others, changes which also vary from year to year. For instance, a certain *Lacus* (or *Oasis*) at the junction of several so-called canals will appear dark, distinct, and colourful in one Martian year, while in another it will be pale and perhaps imperceptible.

All these variations indicate the growth of vegetation as the Martian seasons progress. There are, however, some very remarkable peculiarities in the varied way in which the vegetation develops, which seem to suggest that it is not all the work of just wild Nature. Some astronomers see clear evidence of an artificial selective process. Others do not, and ascribe the obvious phenomena to other causes—fancy, optical illusion, and the like.

The evidence amounts to this: the patches of greenish-grey or brownish-

grey tints appear small individually, but they arrange themselves in masses over large areas. Most of these adjoin the seas and the water areas surrounding the Poles, but some are in the midst of the vast desert regions of the great tropical belt; these are generally known by their old title of Lakes, but are now regarded as Oases.

These vary very much in extent from year to year, and, most remarkable of all, they appear to be connected with



Example taken from the surface of Mars showing how the so-called canals extend from one water area to another and link up oases

the seas and other oases by perfectly straight streaks, which were originally given the misleading name of *canali*, that is channels or canals, from their appearance. Of various widths from about 15 to 100 miles, and extending in some instances for thousands of miles in a straight line and only appearing curved in conformity with the planet's sphere, these canali have for over half a century presented an astounding problem. This has of late years been further complicated by the fact that when seen through the most powerful telescopes they break up into irregular segments.

They are obviously not water channels; but are they cultivated areas? Are they stretches of big-scale plots which it was found possible to irrigate in belts of various widths across the desert areas? The evidence is much in favour of this inference, because of one all-important peculiarity: they take the shortest course from one sea inlet, bay, or water area to another. Only intelligent beings take the shortest cut; Nature never does, as the river systems of the Earth will show.

It is thus that these singular markings of Mars constitute the only *objective evidence* of the possible existence of Mind on other worlds, though, of course, there are other very good reasons for inferring that it exists throughout the worlds of the Universe.

G. F. M.

The Arctic Liner

Russia is never afraid of trying out new ideas; and now we hear that in a Dutch shipyard there is being built for the Soviet a vessel unlike any other.

She is the Josif Stalin, a passenger and cargo liner of 10,000 tons. The remarkable thing about her is that she is intended for Arctic voyages. She will travel regularly in Arctic regions, and is being designed to supply passenger and cargo services in Europe's extreme north.

Nearly 500 feet long, the Josif Stalin has two hulls, the inner one insulated from the outer so that the intense cold cannot find its way into the luxurious cabins. Passengers will be able to enjoy their voyage even though the temperature is far below freezing point.

This remarkable vessel will plough through the waters of the White Sea at 20 knots, three knots more than most fast cargo vessels. With 500 cabins she will be a luxury liner altogether different from the vessels she signals in passing; and if all goes well she will link the Arctic ports of Russia with a regularity never dreamed of before.

Windowless Factory

America is the home of daring inventors, and there is not a day when they fail to produce a new wonder.

One of the latest buildings to rise in Racine, a Wisconsin town, is a windowless factory—not so horrible as it sounds, for everything possible has been done to secure the health and happiness of the employees. The building was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, who has effected good lighting by means of over 40 miles of glass tubing.

The exterior of the building is striking, and the interior is exceptionally interesting. Its lighting is admirable, and the spacious rooms are remarkable for their pillars, which are wider at the top than at the bottom, a device which saves floor-space. To heat the building an elaborate network of steam pipes has been laid in the floors, which are of broken stone and concrete, and thus become vast radiators, like those in Liverpool Cathedral. This idea, by the way, is at any rate 2000 years old, for the Romans warmed their houses and larger buildings in much the same way.

THE LITTERER IS EVERYWHERE

Ground, Walls, and Sky

Our beautiful England is still painfully disfigured, and litter in three forms is increasing.

Ground litter grows because more and more articles of food are packed up in paper and cardboard and scattered about the land by ramblers and picnic parties. Cigarette cartons are seen everywhere; we also see the smoke of fires caused by the careless smoker's matches. The motorists who leave paper, card, and bottles behind them at beauty spots are a public nuisance, and their numbers are always increasing.

The advertiser's litter is even worse, for it is above ground-level. It was pointed out the other day that advertisers, fearing legislation to stop abuses, are hastening to rent spaces on walls, fences, and bridges in the hope that any Bill introduced to curb advertising will contain a clause exempting existing advertisements for a period. It is suggested, therefore, that any legislation should be dated back to December 1937, when Parliament passed a resolution on the matter.

Shouting From the Sky

The third form of litter concerns the sky. Advertising by plane is increasing, and is often accompanied by shouting from the sky, the greatest outrage of all, far worse than the shouting from shops into the street, which is one of the scandals of today. A Flying Regulations Committee has recommended that no further licences should be issued, and that existing licences should expire on October 1, 1941. The Air Ministry has accepted the recommendations and legislation is promised. We urge strongly that that legislation should abolish the advertising aeroplane at an earlier date. Why not June 1940?

The Brightest Lamp Ever Known

The ingenious experiment by which cosmic rays were made to set up oscillations at the Hayden Planetarium in New York succeeded at the opening of the World's Fair in switching on light equal to that of a million 100-candlepower lamps.

The whole area of the Fair, nearly two square miles, was thus lighted up so brightly that amateur photographers were able to take photographs as in daylight. The three Geiger counters used to trap the cosmic rays weighed forty pounds apiece. The biggest flash of light, set off by a relay operated by their enormously amplified current, could be seen for forty miles, and was produced by a number of tremendous flash bulbs similar to those used by press photographers, which had been specially constructed for the occasion.

The light of these lamps lasts for a fraction of a second only, but is more powerful during its short life than any existing form of electric lamp.

A Surrey hotel is trying the idea of charging guests one shilling a day extra and not charging at all on rainy days.

BRIGHT ALEC

Complete Story by
T. C. Bridges

Cathedral Cave

CHAPTER 1

A Pretty Big Job

ALEC RENSHAW lay flat in a patch of bracken gazing through his cherished field-glasses. They were focused on a dirty-looking tent which had been pitched in a hollow where a little spring broke out and trickled in a rill down thecombe towards the sea.

Outside the tent a small fire of sticks was burning, and over it a man was cooking something in a black pot. A second man came out of the tent and spoke to the first, but the distance was much too great for Alec to hear anything. A frown puckered his small, intelligent face.

"Rum-looking birds, Simon called them," he murmured. "He was jolly well right. I don't like the look of them one bit."

Almost anyone would have agreed with Alec's remark, for the two men were dirty, unshaven, and hard-faced. They looked as if they came out of some horrible slum, and it was strange to see them in this wild and lovely country on the edge of Brake Head.

Alec knew what they were after. Simon Chowne, once his enemy, now his friend, had told him they were searching for the famous church plate stolen from Melcombe parish church long ago and hidden, it was believed, in a cave in Brake Head.

Alec had gone off, alone, to investigate. He had not even mentioned the matter to his great pal, Dick Kynaston, with whose people he was spending the summer holiday. Dick was a good chap, but a bit reckless, and Alec intended to have a quiet look at the men and observe the lie of the land before he spoke to Dick or anybody else. The only person who knew of his intention was Simon, and today Simon was out fishing.

James Cathcart, rector of Melcombe, was a friend of the Kynastons and had been very nice to Alec. Alec's idea was that if he watched these strangers long enough they might lead him to the hiding-place. What a triumph it would be if he could only get back the lost plate! It never occurred to him that it was a pretty big job for a small boy of thirteen. But Alec did not mean to take risks. At present he was just scouting. Later he might get Sergeant Tucker from Tarmouth to lend a hand.

The men turned out the contents of the pot and made a meal, then they sat a while and smoked; after that they got up and mooched away down thecombe towards the sea.

Alec moved too. He did not follow them, but worked parallel to thecombe, along the high ground. There was heaps of cover. Great gorse bushes, and here and there gnarled old whitethorns, sloes, brambles, and patches of heather. Keeping well under cover, he reached the top of the cliff, and crouched there, waiting and watching.

Brake Head is an immense mass of limestone, rising two hundred feet from the sea. The cliff is weathered into all sorts of strange shapes, with ledges and pinnacles and deep crevasses, and is covered with bushes almost down to high-water mark. Gulls wheeled and screamed, but there was no other sign of life.

Alec could see the mouth of thecombe some distance to the left, but the two men were not in sight. He wondered what had become of them, and after a bit got up and began to move quietly nearer to thecombe. He went on and on, every now and then stopping to have a look, but still could see nothing.

Alec was long-sighted. He saw very well at a distance, but had to wear spectacles to see at close range. He had taken off his spectacles to use the glasses, and that was why he did not see a figure moving softly through the bushes behind him. But if Alec's eyes were not too good there was nothing the matter with his hearing. He caught a rustle and turned.

"Who are you? What are you a-doing of?" came a hoarse voice, and Alec caught a glimpse of a red, unshaven face and a big dirty hand outstretched to grasp him. He spun round and ran for all he was worth, back along the rim of the cliff.

Behind him he heard his enemy's big feet pounding. The man was so close Alec could even hear his heavy breathing. He could also hear the second man coming up the slope.

He was scared, but did not lose his head. He knew he could not hope to escape by running, but remembered a deep crevasse

which he had passed. It was so narrow that, if he could only reach it and drop down into it, he felt sure the man could not follow him.

He never reached it. Something caught him across the back of the legs. It was a stick thrown by his pursuer. He tripped, made a frantic effort to recover himself, failed, and found himself sliding down a tremendously steep slope of slippery turf.

He tried to dig his fingers into the grass, but there was no hold; his feet went over the edge and he dropped into empty space.

CHAPTER 2

The Cave in the Cliff

ALEC held his breath for the smash on the rocks below. Instead there was a crackle, a crashing, and with a thud he brought up short. All the breath was knocked out of him, and it was several seconds before he realised that he was firmly wedged in the middle of a great clump of gorse and brambles growing out from a projecting spur of rock.

It was an amazing piece of luck, for had he fallen a few feet one way or the other he would have missed the clump and gone straight to the bottom, to be either smashed on the rocks or swept away by the fierce tide and drowned.

As it was he was unhurt except for scratches, but he had the sense to lie quite still where he was. Looking up, he saw the head of the man who had chased him looking over the edge. His expression showed that he was badly frightened, and Alec saw he fully believed that his victim was at the bottom or in the sea. The bush hid Alec completely.

Alec waited until the head was withdrawn. He could hear the man talking excitedly to his companion. Then the voices died away. In spite of his uncomfortable position Alec grinned.

"Scared stiff," he observed, and set himself to climb back on to the rock.

This he did without trouble, but when he had taken a look round he was not happy. To climb up was out of the question, and climbing down appeared equally hopeless. Yet somehow he had to get down. There was no one to help him.

The cliff below was almost sheer, but a little to the right was another spur on

which grew a stubby, wind-twisted oak tree. If he could reach that there was a ledge beyond, which sloped downwards. The distance between his spur and the next was no more than six or seven feet. Not much of a jump under ordinary conditions, but when failure means certain death it is bad for the jumper's nerves. Alec had no choice. He set his teeth and sprang.

As was only natural, he jumped too far and came within an ace of pitching clean over the far side of the rock point. He managed to grasp the oak bush and saved himself. He found himself shaking, and paused and took long breaths. Then he started again.

The ledge was terribly narrow and broken, and beyond it he had to scramble across the sheer face of the cliff. Clinging like a fly to a wall, he worked on yard by yard.

Once he slipped, and but for a trail of ivy, which he caught at desperately, would have gone to the bottom. As it was, he remained dangling in mid-air for a good half minute before he could claw out a hold for one foot. The accident shook him badly, but farther down he reached a fresh ledge and got on better.

Suddenly the ledge broke off and Alec found himself gazing straight down into the sea. He almost despaired. He was getting tired too. But it was no use bemoaning his fate. He climbed back and tried another tack. Climbing upward he reached a broader ledge and worked along it. He got on well for some distance, then the ledge broke off sharp, and he saw below a sort of pit in the cliff side with bushes growing thickly. He grasped an ivy stem and tried to swing across.

The ivy broke off short and he dropped straight into the bushes. Again he escaped harm, and, scrambling to his feet, found himself standing at the mouth of a dark hole in the cliff face.

Caves had a fascination for Alec, but the thought that this might be the cave sent a thrill through him. He had plenty of matches and a couple of candle ends in his pocket, so at once started into the tunnel.

This led downward. It was steep and dangerous. In places he had to crawl. Down—down he went, and suddenly a breath of cold salt air blew out his candle. He lit it again, went forward a few steps and saw dim daylight. He blew out his candle, and found himself in a great rock chamber with a smooth sandy floor and a high vaulted roof. Light came in through several small holes in the wall to his left,

and through these came too the plash of waves. The shape of the cave was like that of a church aisle, and the resemblance was heightened by a sort of platform of rock at the inner end which looked like a raised chancel.

"A regular cathedral," Alec breathed. "Just the place to hide church plate."

Filled with excitement, he started to search the place, but found nothing of the loot for which he was looking. What he did find was a spring of fresh water, where he drank deeply. Then it struck him that he was getting very hungry, and, looking at his wristwatch, found it was past four. He had had nothing since breakfast, so no wonder he was hungry. He also began to realise that he was in an ugly fix. Although he was near sea-level there was no way of escape. These cliffs were dangerous and boats gave them a wide berth. No one knew where he was, and he might very well starve to death before he was found.

His spirits sank very low as he stood on the floor of the cave and looked up at the small holes through which daylight leaked. A mass of broken rock filled this end of the cave, and Alec started to climb in an effort to reach one of the openings. Halfway up he stepped upon what he at first thought was a square rock, but a second look showed that it was a small chest of solid oak clamped with rusty iron bars and fastened by an enormous old padlock.

"The plate!" he gasped, and, forgetting all his troubles, picked up a heavy stone and began to hammer the padlock. At the third blow it broke away, and Alec levered up the lid with the blade of his sheath knife. The chest was full of objects wrapped in chamois leather. Alec unrolled the first and found a lovely silver patten.

"It is the plate," he repeated happily, and, closing the lid again, climbed on up to the first opening.

CHAPTER 3

The SOS

THE hole was half hidden by hanging ferns, so it was small wonder no one had seen it or the other holes from outside. Alec opened it out and found there was room through which to squeeze his small body.

He was only a few feet above high-tide mark and was looking out on a wide expanse of calm, sunlit sea. It was low tide, and beneath were loose boulders and a little steep shingle beach. No way out, and once more Alec's spirits fell sharply.

Something moved in the distance. A boat. Alec's field-glasses were still safe in their case slung around his neck. He had them out and focused them quickly.

"Simon—it's Simon Chowne's boat!" he exclaimed.

The glasses showed Simon at anchor, fishing, but he was a good mile away, far beyond shouting distance. For the life of him Alec could not see how he could attract his attention. But, as Dick had said, if Alec wasn't big he had plenty of brains, and, after racking them for a few moments, an idea flashed through his mind.

He scrambled back into the cave, reached the chest, opened it again, took out the patten and, using the chamois in which it was wrapped, set furiously to polishing it. Soon it was clean as the day it was made; then Alec went up the rock side again, through the hole, and stood on the ledge outside. The evening sun shone full on the cliff face, and Alec started flashing signals to Simon.

But Simon was busy with his line. He was pulling in whiting; he did not look up. Alec was almost desperate, when at last the fish stopped biting and Simon got up to raise his anchor. Then at last Alec saw him stiffen and, shading his eyes with his hand, stare towards the cliff.

"SOS!" Alec signalled time and again. He could have shouted with joy when at last Simon settled to his oars and began to pull towards him.

"The plate! I've found the plate!" Alec yelled as the boat came close.

"You've found the plate! You be crazy, lad!"

"Well, here's a piece of it, anyhow," retorted Alec as he sprang down to meet the boat.

Simon stared and drew a long breath. "Do 'ee know as there's a reward of a hundred pounds, young master?"

"And half is yours, Simon," cried Alec. "Pull up the boat and I'll show you where the chest is. Be quick, for those two fellows chased me at the cliff top."

Simon grinned. "They two won't hurt 'ee, mister. Don't know what 'ee done to 'em, but I seed 'em from the boat a long time back. Running like mad, they were."

JACKO COMES TO TEA

THE weather had suddenly turned so warm that Mother Jacko said she would take them all to a nice shady spot she knew on the Downs where they could have tea in comfort.

She packed up a hamper of little cucumber sandwiches and a big plum cake, fresh out of the oven; and when she had filled two flasks with tea they were ready to start.

But it was such a lovely day that he soon forgot his disappointment; and while Father Jacko settled down under a shady tree for a nice nap, and his mother got busy chasing the flies off Baby, Jacko strolled off to see what he could find.

What he found the family never discovered; they lost sight of him completely, and when it was time to



There was a yell and a loud crack

"Are you coming, Adolphus," she asked, "or shall I lay your tea in the kitchen?"

And to everyone's surprise Adolphus replied, "Well, I don't mind if I do; it's unpleasantly hot in the house."

"That just puts the lid on," exclaimed Jacko, who had intended to smuggle his friend Chimp in at the last moment. But, of course, if Adolphus was going there wouldn't be room for them all in the car—to say nothing of the food question.

set out the tea his mother began to get quite worried.

"It's very unlike him to miss his tea," she said.

Big Brother Adolphus laughed at her. "He'll turn up when he's hungry," he said. "Trust him."

They could! At that moment there was a yell and a loud crack. A branch of the overhanging tree fell, and with it came Jacko—whizz! bang! right on the top of the big plum cake.

Any County in One Volume

That is the secret of the King's England books now covering the country—soon any county will be in one volume for your car. Shropshire is the newest county in this New Domesday Book, the first complete 20th century survey of England, and Dorset, Hertfordshire, Hampshire, and Cambridgeshire are on the way.

Ask to See Them Anywhere

ENCHANTED LAND—A Survey of All England	213 pictures	7s 6d
BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTS.	220 places 170 pictures	7s 6d
BERKSHIRE—Alfred's First England	170 places 120 pictures	7s 6d
CHESHIRE—Romantic North-West	150 places 117 pictures	7s 6d
CORNWALL—England's Farthest South	250 places 173 pictures	7s 6d
CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND	217 places 124 pictures	7s 6d
DERBYSHIRE—The Peak Country	226 places 134 pictures	7s 6d
DEVON—Cradle of Our Seamen	400 places 197 pictures	10s 6d
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—Cotswold Glory	334 places 166 pictures	10s 6d
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SUSSEX—The Garden by the Sea	300 places 238 pictures	10s 6d
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WORCESTERSHIRE—Land of Heavenly Spring	189 places 132 pictures	7s 6d
LONDON—Heart of the Empire	200 pictures	12s 6d

THE NATION'S PRESS ON THE NATION'S BOOKS

A Sort of Light Shines Through Them

There is a sort of light shining all through it.
Mrs J. A. Spender

The panorama of our island home is flashed before us with a fascination which is irresistible. *Church of England Newspaper*

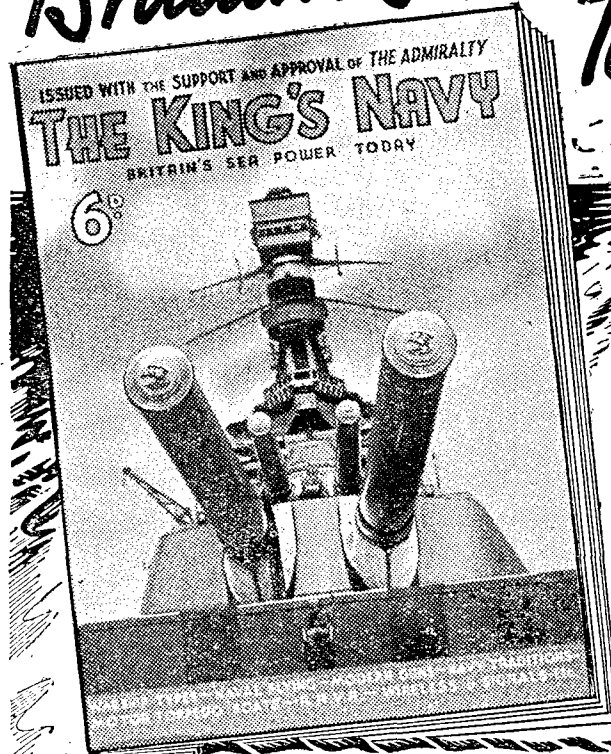
The book is a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention. Altogether an admirable summary of London.
The Observer

Congratulations must go to all concerned in this tremendous endeavour, a panorama of England of outstanding importance and usefulness. Romance is the only word to apply to Mr. Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.
Sunday Times

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's.
The Star

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—HODDER & STOUGHTON

Britain's Sea Power Today!



WHAT do you know about the men who guard our shores? The floating fortresses of steel they man? Work and traditions of the Silent Service? Whatever the extent of your knowledge, this profusely illustrated new book, published with the approval and support of the Admiralty, gives an absorbingly interesting and graphic account of the KING'S NAVY as it is today, thrilling and inspiring to every Briton.

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All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

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Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

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Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"

BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 5, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

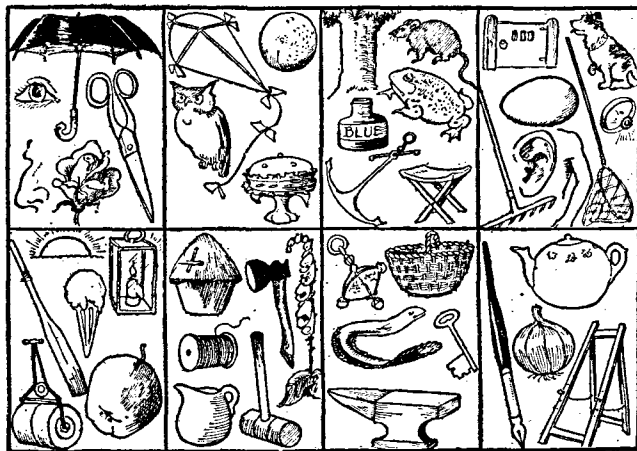
HOLIDAY MONEY FOR C N GIRLS AND BOYS

Two Prizes of Ten Shillings Each and 25 Half-Crowns Must Be Won

EXTRA pocket-money is always welcome, but particularly so at holiday time.

Why not try to win one of the Editor's numerous prizes for this simple competition? Two prizes of ten shillings each are offered for the best-written correct or nearest to correct entries received, and there are 25 half-crowns for senders of the next best in order of merit.

The initial letters of the objects shown in each group of pictures will, if placed in a certain order, spell the name of a worker. Moreover, one object shown in each group is something particularly appropriate to that worker. For instance, the initial letters of the four objects in the last group will spell the word POET, one of the objects



being a pen. So write your answers, numbering from left to right, like this: 8 Poet (pen).

Names of all the workers appear in the following list:

Actor, Artist, Baker, Chef, Chauffeur, Clerk, Cook, Engineer, Farmer, Gardener, Miner, Nurse, Post, Sailor.

Write your entry on a post-card, add your name, address, and age, and send it to

C N Competition Number 85, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, August 10.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and age will be taken into account when judging. Only one attempt, which must be the entrant's own work, can be accepted from each reader. The Editor's decision will be final.

STILL more pocket-money can be earned by girls and boys who will help the C.N. If you are among the prize-winners and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to buy the C.N. for at least a month, half-a-crown will be sent to you in addition to the prize.

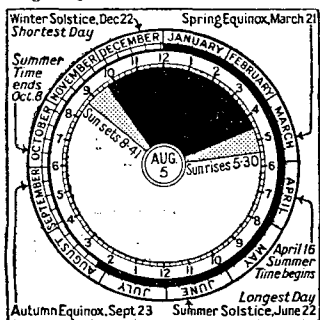
THE BRAN TUB

Quite Right

A LITTLE girl asked to define drawing said that it is thinking and then marking round the think with a pencil.

The C N Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 5. The black section of the



circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone. The days are now getting shorter.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south-east, and Jupiter is low in the east. In the morning Venus is low in the east, Saturn is in the south, and Jupiter is in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon at 7 a.m. on August 8.



A Simple Puzzle

WE are a score, nay, sometimes more,
Within a cave reside;
Though seldom 'tis we disagree,
We often do divide.
If we fall out there is no doubt
We ne'er shall meet again,
Both boy and girl our worth can tell
Though oft we cause them pain.
In white array the ladies gay
In mirth will often show us.
From what is said, we are afraid,
You will too quickly know us.

Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

Aug. 6. Ben Jonson died . 1637
7. Herod Agrippa died . 44
8. George Canning died . 1827
9. Henry V born . 1387
10. Sir Charles Napier born . 1782
11. First Atlantic cable broke 1857
12. James Russell Lowell died 1891

This Week in Nature

THE merlin goes to the coast to prey on wading birds. This moorland hawk is rather smaller than a pigeon, but will often attack and kill a bird bigger than itself by gripping the neck of its victim with the powerful claws. In colour the merlin is pigeon-blue, with a buff, black-streaked breast.

The Castle

THE castle was resplendent in the sun—
A pile that made one proud, it looked so grand.
Yet time and tide for no man wait, and so
'Twill pass, for I've just built it—all with sand.

Ici on Parle Français



Le banjo La grosse caisse Le pierrot
banjo big drum pierrot

Le pierrot est mon ami. Il me permet de jouer de son banjo et de taper sur la grosse caisse.

The pierrot is my friend. He lets me play on his banjo and bang on the big drum.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Is This Your County? Cumberland
The Two Brothers. Hands
The C N Cross Word Puzzle

H	E	A	D	A	L	L	A	P	E	X
I	R	O	N	S	E	T	H	E	R	
A	T	E	S	S	A	Y	A	R	T	
S	H	A	D	E	K	R	E	L	A	Y
S	E	A	D	M	I	R	E	D	N	R
E	R	R	S	E	M	U	D	A	T	A
R	A	H	E	M	D	A	Y	S	N	
T	A	N	Y	O	D	E	L	K	I	T
S	K	Y	E	E	E	A	S	T		

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

HE was a handsome grey cygnet—not quite grown up—and he was swimming happily with other young swans in the bright sunshine, diving for fish, and eating appetising dainties, when suddenly something hard struck his leg.

He heard a loud cheer. There on the bank was a group of small boys, and even as he lifted his stately head a hail of stones bowled him over.

Like a flash a little girl rushed down to the water's edge. She told the boys what she thought of them, and

picked up the swan in her arms. He was a heavy load, though he was only about nine months old and she was twelve years.

She carried him home, right through the densely crowded town. She tucked him underneath her arm, his long thin face was beside her round chubby one, his tail swaying behind. He was quite quiet—he knew that he was safe.

The pair reached the house in safety and Swanee was put in the garden. She thought he might be hungry, but he scornfully refused to eat.

Then she had an idea. She put his meal in a basin of water. Oh, how pleased he was! Bread, potatoes, everything was gobbled up.

After a few days he began to know his feeding time, and would tap on the basement window with his beak until his breakfast was brought to him. If his summons was ignored he would waddle round in a dignified manner to the back door and tap on it insistently until the door was opened.

There was no water in the garden, so a tub was put out

for him, and every day he would splash about and enjoy himself.

And so the weeks went by; and Swanee grew tamer and tamer. He grew to love the family and their friends and to recognise strangers. He was a happy little creature.

But alas! the wounds in his leg and wing did not heal, and one day Swanee did not tap on the window for his breakfast. He had gone for his last long sleep in a corner of the yard, a sleep from which he never awakened.

This story is true.

A FRIEND FOR SWANEE

L	S	S	S	R
R	A	E	O	B
E	E	R	E	L

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK



PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR

Place the name of a fruit in each vacant row to make a five-letter word in each upright column.

Tie a loop of string through holes bored in half a walnut shell. Put a match in the loop, twist round and round, turn over on table—and let go!

How many objects beginning with the letter C can you find in this picture?

Complete this double word-square by using the following letters: A, A, A, C, D, D, D, D, E, E, E, E, E, R, R, R, Y.

CN 12

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How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine'.

Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained" and kept orderly, clean and sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid sprinkled on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed. Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer and look nicer. Thicker, more luxuriant hair will follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps to check falling hair, dissolves dandruff and gives dull, brittle hair new life and lustre.

Of Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

FOR THE HAIR

Full of Interest for the Boy of Today!

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MOTHERS' PROBLEM WITH GROWING GIRLS.

Many mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their teens complete and regular bowel movements are of vital importance. That is why doctors and nurses recommend a regular liquid laxative. But any strong medicine may easily harm the child and lead to serious internal troubles in later life. The ideal liquid laxative for the female constitution is 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is efficient yet gentle and safe. Give your daughters a dose once a week to make sure that the bowels are clean and entirely free from poisonous waste. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.